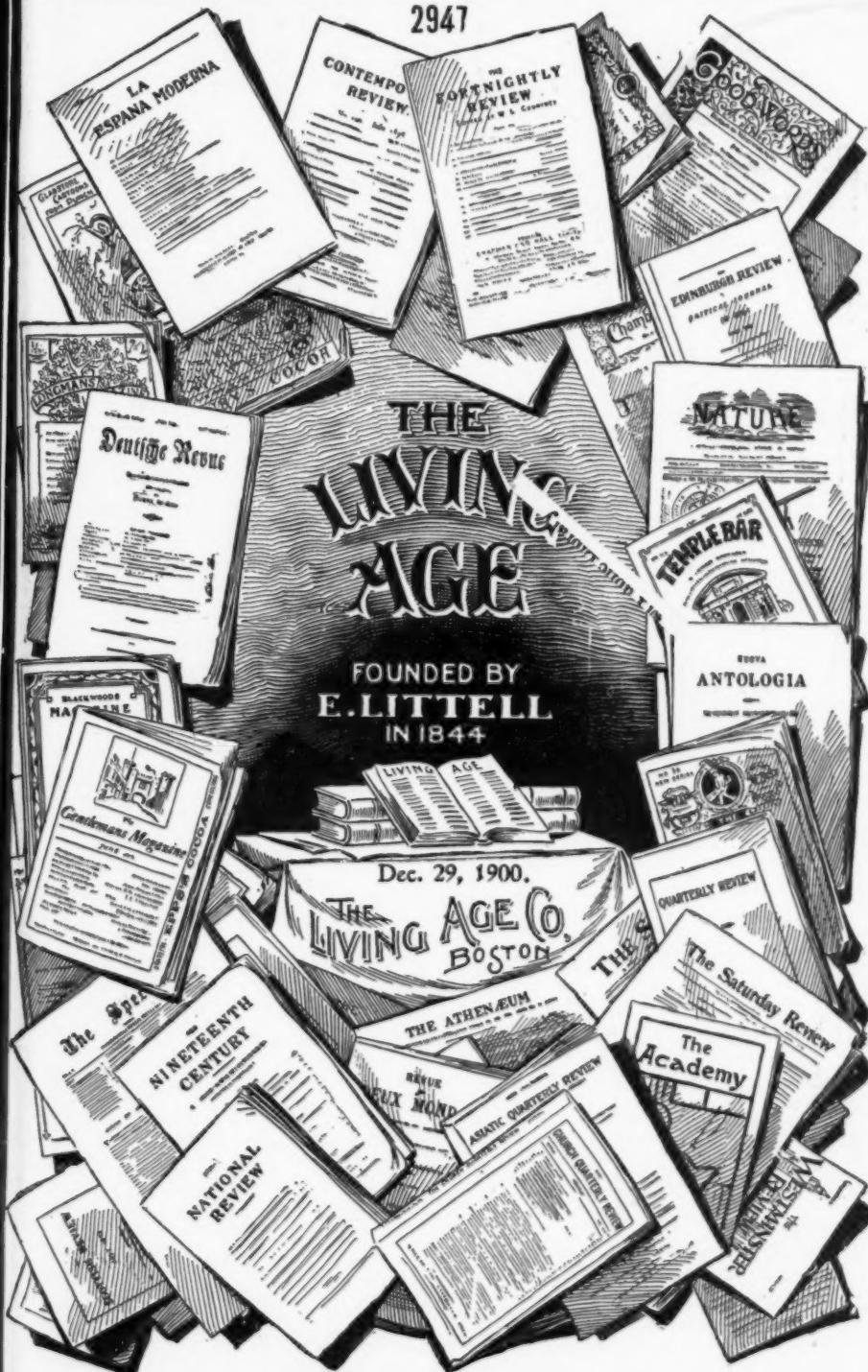


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Volume IX.

No. 2947—December 29, 1900.

| From Beginning
Vol. CCXXVII.

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SEVENTH SERIES.
VOLUME IX.

NO. 2947. DEC. 29, 1900.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXVII.



FIELD MARSHAL COUNT VON WALDERSEE.*

BY LIEUTENANT COL. W. VON BREMEN.

For thirty years the German nation has been permitted to live in peace. The German army, however, has not rested on its laurels, but has always remained on the watch. More than once during this long period, it has looked eastward and westward, believing that it must take up arms on one or both fronts at the same time; but whoever had said a short time ago, that it would be compelled to fight its first battle in a distant quarter of the globe, would have met an incredulous smile. Now German troops, to the number of 22,000, stand on Chinese soil to avenge the affront offered to the German name, and, in connection with the military force of seven other civilized nations, to establish suitable conditions for intercourse with the empire of China. The commander-in-chief of all the allied troops—more than 90,000 men—is a Prussian Field Marshal. What marvel that not only our interest, but that of the whole civilized world, centres on this man, and that foreign countries also ask what is to be expected from him.

The German army knew long ago that, in case of war, he would be made the commander-in-chief, but wider cir-

cles were not familiar with the reasons for the high regard in which he was held by his Emperor and the entire military force. Therefore it may be well to state fully what gives the confidence that in him we have a fully rounded character, a man of rare military qualities, with a clear perception of the actual condition of affairs, with no theoretical prejudices in behalf of anything, a man who combines—certainly an unusual quality in a soldier—political intelligence with diplomatic tact. Natural talent, iron energy and fortunate circumstances have united to produce this result.

The descendant of a race of soldiers, the Field Marshal inherits the traits of mind and character which constitute the true warrior. His father was a general of cavalry and a knight of the Order of the Black Eagle; his mother a daughter of General von Hünerbein, who, in the war of independence, won renown as one of the bravest leaders in the York corps. Through his grandmother, the Countess of Anhalt, he was descended from the princely House of Dessau which, in the eighteenth century, gave the Prussian army a series of famous leaders. His father's brother, Count Frederick, who died January

*Translated for *The Living Age* by Mary J. Safford.

15th, 1864, rendered distinguished services to the Prussian army. It was he who, at the head of the Prussian troops, energetically and promptly quelled the May insurrection in 1848. Other near relatives of the Count also gave their lives for king and country. His oldest brother, Count George, died a hero's death at Le Bourget on the 30th of October, 1870, while his cousin, Count Rudolf, a son of the Minister of War, received a mortal wound at Weissenberg, August 4th, 1870, while leading the 5th Jägers.

Educated in the Kadettencorps, the nursery of so many of our ablest officers, Count Alfred, on the 27th of April, 1850, entered the artillery guards as an officer; so, as is well known, he reached his fiftieth year of service last spring. He was promoted to a captaincy in this branch of the service in 1862, and the fact that he received his first training in it may be the reason why, especially in civilian circles, the opinion is frequently expressed that he considers the artillery the principal arm, though no one is farther from a one-sided preference or over-estimation of any weapon than the Field Marshal. In 1865 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Prince Charles of Prussia, whom he accompanied in the campaign of 1866, thus obtaining an opportunity of witnessing military affairs on a grand scale at headquarters. Daily intercourse with commanding officers and participation in decisive events thus afforded him an insight into the great relations of war and a knowledge of the factors on which success depends, such as rarely falls to the lot of the younger officers.

When in the fight around the Holzwald, in the battle of Königgratz, some Prussian troops, shaken by the terrific cannonading of the Austrian artillery, fell back, he witnessed the scene when King William received them harshly and sent them forward again. "It was elevating to see," the Field Marshal af-

terwards wrote, "the sternness and resolution of the King; every witness of the scene was touched by it; we felt that the King would not retreat, come what might." If he saw here how the unbending will of the commander-in-chief was often the turning point, another incident in this same battle was, perhaps, no less impressive, when, returning from the first army corps, he passed Fransecky's division just gathering after their famous battle in Swiepwald. "Here I met General von Fransecky," the Field Marshal wrote not long ago to the writer of these lines, "and he, like the troops, was still under the influence of the victory and the brilliant gallantry displayed in the fierce conflict."

If the young captain was thus permitted to witness the most decisive struggles, as well as the incidents occurring at the headquarters entrusted with the direction of operations, on the other hand he also found opportunity to obtain, in the various missions on which he was sent, the recognition of the superior officers, so that during the progress of the war he received his appointment to the General Staff. After its close he was assigned to the staff of the newly-formed tenth army corps in Hanover, whose first commanding officer was General Constantin von Voigts-Rhetz. The latter, known by his share in the suppression of the Polish insurrection and later as military advocate in the Bundestag at Frankfort-on-the-Main, had won high recognition in various positions on the General Staff, and when a commander-in-chief of the General Staff was to be appointed as a successor to General von Reyher, his name had been considered with von Moltke's. He justified the high esteem in which he was held in the most brilliant manner as Chief of the General Staff in 1866 with Prince Charles, and as commanding general of the tenth army corps in 1870. The official inter-

course with this distinguished soldier, had an important influence upon the farther development of Count Waldersee. But, even then, that the Count had ideas of his own was shown in the impetus he gave to the establishment of the staff-journeys in the form essentially in which they exist at the present day.

Probably it was principally due to General von Voigts-Rhetz's recommendation that the attention of those in the highest authority was directed more and more to his distinctive qualities, which consisted especially in a vigorous grasp of the subject, a keen observation of everything, even outside of purely military matters; and therefore early in 1870 he was ordered to the German embassy in Paris as military attaché. Here he showed these qualities in the fullest measure and, in a short time gained an accurate insight into French army affairs. How greatly this was valued in the highest quarters is shown by the fact that, at the outbreak of the war, his description of French tactics was printed and distributed among the troops.

Having received the appointment of aide-de-camp to the King, he took part in the first half of the war, and was present at the battles of Gravelotte, Beaumont and Sedan. King William never discussed with his aides, the direction of operations and battles, reserving this solely for the advisers summoned for this purpose. But the thorough knowledge of French military affairs, tactics and customs which Count von Waldersee had already shown, caused the King to enter into conversation with him, and he soon learned how correctly his aide judged our enemies of that time and what might be expected from them. This led to a decision whose results were to become far reaching in connection with Count von Waldersee.

The progress of the German operations against Gambetta's forces on the Loire assumed, during the latter half of November, 1870, a phase which often did not harmonize with the views at headquarters, especially those held by the King himself, who had a different opinion of the value of the French army of the Republic from that of certain other personages. He considered it more formidable than they, a fact possibly due in part to his experiences in 1814. It is certain that his broad view proved correct in this instance also.

The reports from Prince Frederick Charles's army and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg's division often did not please him, and he resolved to take a means of seeing "with his own eyes" in some degree, by sending a person who, he was confident, would judge the condition of affairs in the hostile army with eyes as unprejudiced as his own. For this object he selected his aide, Count von Waldersee. It is possible that here, too, the example of 1814 hovored before his memory—when Frederick William III also sent an aide to Blücher's army to forward reports to him alone. At any rate the measure was his own, and proved his accurate judgment of men and affairs. On the 24th of November Count Waldersee received from the King himself his instructions, which were:

"We are at a decisive moment of the war. The French army on the Loire has gradually become stronger and better organized. I have seen it and often told the gentlemen so, but they always know better than I, and maintain that the war is practically over. General von der Tann's position in and around Orleans did not suit my view; his situation became too critical and he was forced to retreat with losses. The twenty-second division was sent, I despatched the seventeenth after it, yet it is already evident that, with all these

troops, the Grand Duke is not equal to the enemy. Metz has fallen just at the right time, and it is now possible for the second army corps to advance. But it is very weak and has not more than 40,000; the enemy is estimated at 150,000 to 200,000 men. I am well aware that my troops are better than the French, but I know, also, that we are on the eve of a crisis. If Prince Frederick Charles is defeated we must give up the siege of Paris.

"I have represented to the Prince in the letter you will deliver the gravity of the situation; repeat to him, at the same time, that I have the fullest confidence in his leadership and military experience. Set out at once, for fighting will soon begin. You will report to me daily, and remain with the Prince till I recall you."

The difficulty of Count von Waldersee's task is apparent; it demanded, besides great military talent, diplomatic skill. For it was not only necessary to see with his own eyes the situation of the widely scattered second army corps and army division, as well as the condition and designs of the enemy in order to be able to report upon them as the King desired, but also to remain in perfect accord with the Prince, the commander-in-chief and his chief of staff, that he might have exact information concerning their views. The Count's performance of this task must be regarded as masterly.

He was already acquainted with Prince Frederick Charles, but it was necessary to blunt the edge of the distrust which might naturally be aroused against him, and it is worthy of appreciation that the Prince, usually prone to suspicion, received the Count with the utmost cordiality and frankness and concealed no part of his plans from him. That this led to perfect confidence and an esteem which the noble Prince showed the Count up to the time of his early death is highly creditable

to the Count's course during these eventful days.

Count von Waldersee was then thirty-eight years old, in the prime of manly strength, with iron nerves, and a body so hardened by exercise that it could endure the most severe physical and mental exertion. His equipment was also noticeable. Mounted on a fine horse, his escort was only three men belonging to the cavalry guard of the staff, and he had with him a little cart containing the most necessary luggage, provisions and forage, which could follow him everywhere. Thus he made himself perfectly independent, moved about all day and found quarters somewhere late in the evening to write his reports to the King. Though the Prince had invited him always to be his guest at the table at headquarters, he rarely availed himself of the privilege.

The days were eventful and decisive ones. On November 25th, Count Waldersee reached Pithiviers, the Prince's headquarters, made the needful inquiries there, and used the next two days to acquaint himself with the position of the second army corps, six miles in length, and the location of the hostile outposts, and especially to form an opinion whether a defensive plan, as the Prince desired, or an offensive plan, as was urged at headquarters, should be pursued. In his first two reports, forwarded on the 26th and 27th of November, he expressed himself in favor of acting on the defensive for the present, because the conditions both of the country and the weather were very unfavorable for an offensive campaign, and all the advantages were on the side of a defensive one. This, too, is an evidence of his impartial judgment since, as a matter of course, an offensive campaign wherever possible was more in accord with his tastes.

The very next day brought the great attempt of the army of the Loire to defeat the left wing of the Prince's

army at Beaune la Rolande, in order to march by way of Fontainebleau, to the relief of Paris.

The Count had spent the night of the 27th and 28th of November in Pithiviers, and was engaged on the morning of the 28th in writing his report to the King, when cannonading was heard. The Count hastily finished the report, despatched it, threw himself on his horse and dashed to the south-eastern part of the city, as the thunder of the cannon seemed to come from that direction. Soon the increasing tumult indicated a severe battle, and a rapid ride brought the Count to the scene of conflict, about twenty kilometers distant, where, at eleven o'clock, he met at the railway station of Beaune the commander of the assailed tenth corps, General von Voigts-Rhetz. During his ride he had perceived the increasing violence of the attack on Beaune, but he could inform the General that the nearest troops of the third corps, the 5th division, would arrive in two hours and a half, news which had an important part in his own determination, to hold his position under all circumstances. But, before the reinforcements of these troops became effective, the crisis of the day occurred. On the incorrect report that Beaune had fallen, orders to retreat were being issued, when Lieutenant-Colonel von Caprivi, chief of staff of the tenth corps, induced the General to wait for more accurate reports. The advancing third corps, especially, was to be urged to greater haste. Count von Waldersee instantly offered to ride to them, but the General at first declined. A cavalry officer who was sent returned on foot, his horse having been killed by the French sharp-shooters. The Count could remain inactive no longer, and, though another officer, Lieutenant von Podbielski—the present secretary of state—was sent, the Count dashed around the French firing line to the ad-

vancing Prussian infantry to show them the best point of attack. A French shell exploded over his head without harming him, and he pursued his ride to General von Alvensleben, the commanding general of the third corps, to whom he explained the situation and also pointed out the best place for assault. The information proved so accurate that General von Alvensleben had no occasion to make any change in his orders, when more minute details arrived. Count Waldersee had also instantly suggested that a strong force of artillery should check the hostile infantry. Then the cavalry must follow up the advantage. The Count's offer to stay with the troops was accepted by General Alvensleben in the words, "No one is better informed than you, so I should be glad to secure your advice; besides, you are an old artillerist, and therefore I would like to have you post my artillery if you think your commission will permit it." After an enquiry about positions, the Count led the first battery to the one named and ordered it to open fire. When, soon after, strong lines of French infantry fell back in great confusion, the Count, faithful to his first advice, pointed out that now the cavalry should follow up the success. Unfortunately, the opportunity to execute a brilliant deed and decide the day was not used by the cavalry present, as it probably might have been in spite of the muddy condition of the ground.

Count Waldersee also gave Prince Frederick Charles the first news of the success of the day in the words: "A complete victory has been gained; it will be a Rossbach to the French if followed up at once." The Prince thanked him for the tidings of success. But there was no vigorous pursuit. Count Waldersee returned to Pithiviers in the evening, and at eleven o'clock reported the battle to the King.

Instantly on horseback at the sound

of the cannon, always at the most important points of the battle-field, tirelessly placing his abilities at the disposal of the commanders, correctly perceiving the decisive measures, we see the Count on this day displaying his great military talents. And as before the battle he had been the representative of the defensive, he now instantly urged the boldest offensive tactics, to reap the fruits of the victory. But unfortunately he could not carry out his wishes.

Early on the morning of the 29th he was once more in Beaune to finish his report to the King. The 30th threw him again with the Prince, who was inspecting the battle-field. After much wavering the latter on the 30th had taken up the offensive plan, and now regretted that he had omitted to do so at once. But, as he said to the Count, the soldier's good luck rarely comes twice to the same extent.

When, late on the evening of December 1st, the Count learned that, on the following day, the Grand Duke's force would probably be engaged in a serious battle west of the great road from Orleans to Paris, he at once determined to hasten there before daybreak, since that must be the turning point of events. So he was present at the decisive battle of Soigny on the 2d of December, and here also he aided in the successful guidance of events.

On his ride in the early morning of December 2d, to the army division, the Count found an opportunity to observe closely large bodies of the enemy advancing east of the road from Orleans to Paris. His report of this, sent under great difficulties, partly by a mounted messenger, partly by telegrams, to the Prince, was so important that it induced him that very day to move the division of the army westward in order to make it possible to co-operate in a decisive attack upon Orleans. At noon Count Waldersee met the Grand

Duke on the battle-field and informed him also of the danger threatening him from the east, then went again to the focus of the battle of Soigny, where General von Treskow was in command.

When, in the course of the struggle, the advance of a strong French force was making the Germans yield at several points, Count Waldersee gladly seized the opportunity to mingle personally in the conflict. He stopped several retreating divisions, sprang from his horse, threw the bridle to a Hussar, put himself at the head of a company, seized a musket himself and, sweeping all with him, led the troops upon Soigny. On reaching the nearest possible point to the enemy, he shouted: "Halt—rapid fire, a hundred paces!" He himself fired, and the effect at this close range was extremely telling. After the end of the battle the Count rode to the village of Janville and briefly reported from there to Versailles and Prince Frederick Charles, who thus received the first news of the brilliant victory. At eleven in the evening a detailed report to the King followed.

Count Waldersee was also present with the twenty-second division in the next day's battle during the advance upon Orleans, sending his impressions in the evening to the King. "From all I have seen yesterday and to-day I think the strength of the French army is broken," thereby forming an accurate conclusion. In the same way, on the 4th of December, he was sometimes watching the different divisions, sometimes communicating his observations to the Prince.

After the capture of Orleans he himself reconnoitred with Count Häseler—the general then in command—for three miles along the left bank of the Loire and reached the conclusion that an energetic pursuit would soon complete the work of destroying the enemy. Unfortunately his wishes

were not carried out. A prompt, vigorous pursuit was omitted, and this circumstance contributed to render it possible for the French army to assemble and subsequently offer resistance under Chanzy.

The brilliant and successful work of Count Waldersee, from November 25th to December 5th, induced Prince Frederick Charles to ask the King to let the officer remain with him, and he therefore spent some time at the headquarters of the second army corps.

But his thoroughly clear and positive reports had showed the King and Count Moltke his great military ability, and also the extreme tact with which he had maintained his position toward the various persons concerned, always avoiding any comment upon individuals and invariably confining himself to essential things. When, at Christmas, he was permitted to go to Versailles, the Iron Cross was the King's token of gratitude for his valuable services at Orleans and when a new Chief of Staff was assigned to the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg, Count Waldersee received the appointment, January 4th, 1871. So he was permitted to occupy a responsible post during the decisive days of Le Mans. Here too, he won the full confidence of his grand-ducal superior. Thus, if we except the royal commanders, he is the only German general in active service who has shared campaigns in a high and responsible position and possesses military experience such as can be obtained to this degree solely in the higher commands.

When, after the capitulation of Paris, Count Waldersee had performed the duties of chief of staff for General von Kameke, commander of the German troops entering Paris, he was transferred to the German embassy to assist in the settlement of the numerous military questions to be considered.

His former experiences and often tested diplomatic skill had also attracted Prince Bismarck's attention. Then, for a time, he was commander of the King's Uhlans in Hanover, and Prince Albert's chief of staff until, in 1881, Count Moltke himself selected him for his assistant.

For ten years Count Waldersee was the real director of the General Staff and after von Moltke's retirement in 1888, displayed as its chief, vigor still unforgotten. He developed the arrangements of the staff in accord with the Field Marshal's view, yet in harmony with the increased demands of our day. The number of officers of the General Staff alone has more than doubled during this period. The offices of chief quartermaster were created under him in order, in case of war, to have at once a number of trained officers for the positions of chiefs of the General Staff, or chief quartermasters.

No one who shared the journeys of the staff which he conducted and the theoretical problems he put, will ever forget them. During these journeys the elasticity of his temperament, which communicated itself to all, appeared when, in the evening, after exhausting rides and labors, we gathered as comrades to tell merry stories or sing songs, or when in the morning, all were summoned to the saddle. In the problems, we were initiated for the first time into the great relations of directing an army by frequently dealing with manœuvres for whole armies or army divisions, while Count von Moltke's problems, in accordance with the work of most staff officers in his day, were usually confined to smaller fields. Prince Frederick Charles who, after the days spent together at Orleans, showed the Count unvarying friendship, always shared these problems, and it was interesting to hear the solutions of the great royal

commander. Then followed the years when His Majesty also took part in solving the questions, and it was one of the most enjoyable experiences to every one present when His Majesty joined in the discussion with Count Waldersee. All know how His Majesty extolled the services of the Count as Chief of the Staff, in the order appointing him commanding General of the ninth army corps.

For seven years the General was permitted to devote his ripe experience, all his great soldierly qualities, to the benefit of this corps, which was thus raised to a rare degree of military efficiency. His great manœuvres, especially, were instructive to the highest degree, and here again his criticism, always professional, never personal or wounding to any one, was a source of instruction to each. He took the keenest interest in the welfare of every officer, and showed it even after his separation from the corps.

The Count is now in his sixty-ninth year, only one year younger than Blücher when he entered the war of independence, or von Moltke when the war of 1870 began. He has some traits in common with both men. With the former he shares the dauntless knightly spirit, the daring which shrinks from no peril; for even now, at the hunts in Hanover, he vies with the youngest horseman; from the latter he has learned the art of calm consideration, and though an enthusiastic adherent of the offensive, and an advocate of following up a victory by an energetic pursuit, he knows that there

is also a time for the defensive, and he showed, thirty years ago, that he never allows himself to be guided by preconceived opinions. If we add to this the diplomatic skill which he has so often proved, it must be admitted that, in every question relating to armies no leader could be found who would bring to the solution of the manifold and difficult problems before him such qualities and such experience as Count von Waldersee.

In China there will be encountered, to some degree, conditions similar to those in France in 1870. The French troops of the Republic were also undervalued by many distinguished persons, and there, also, little was known of the strength of their weapons, and as Tann's defeat first gave information of the strength of the force on the Loire, so Seymour's unsuccessful attempt at relief afforded knowledge of the Chinese troops. Here, as well as there, we must deal with unknown quantities; here as well as there a keen, unprejudiced eye is needed. If we also consider the difficulties associated with every war carried on by allies, which in the present instance, are increased by the number of those engaged and the diversity of their political aims, the often-tested diplomatic skill of the Commander-in-chief will be requisite and must contribute to the fortunate issue of the operations. The conditions of success, so far as they depend upon the choice of a suitable commander, are rarely present to the degree in which they exist here.

DISILLUSIONED DAUGHTERS.

The century just closing, as a recent writer in this Review has reminded us, has been called the Woman's Era. Perhaps we hardly needed the reminder. Three years ago, when we were celebrating the reign of one woman of genius, we gave proof of the high development of our logical faculties by extending those congratulations to the entire female sex. Scarcely had the echoes of the Diamond Jubilee died away than an International Women's Congress pressed our achievements upon a slightly wearied world. And lest we might conceivably think that enough, a Woman's Era Exhibition has lately made up for lack of popularity by an ubiquitous presence upon street hoardings. Yes, it is the Woman's Era just as it is the era of advertisement; our fuller, freer life finds its natural expression in a poster.

Posters have their uses. There is nothing so serviceable for drawing attention to the obvious and enabling other and less encouraging aspects of a subject to find congenial obscurity. A Woman's Exhibition? Which is more important, the quality of the exhibits or the sex of the exhibitors? Is the second to be an excuse for the first? If not, what need to add to the many existing show-places? The Academy and the Salons make no distinction of sex. Do women wish to disarm criticism by asserting their femininity, or is it only that they have not yet got over the *naïveté*, which is perpetually being surprised at its own astonishing cleverness? Shall we ever get used to ourselves, or was Ibsen an ironist when he let us out of our doll's houses? Did he know only too well that like the children which we are, we should creep back to our toys when we were tired of showing off?

However, we are not back there yet. We are living the full, free life and trying to think that we enjoy it. And if at times comes a still, small voice suggesting that happiness, like charity, should begin at home, we point triumphantly to the careers opening for women, to the widening fields of philanthropic activity, to the growing participation in field sports, to everything except that which at least kept our grandmothers quiet and contented, a keen pride and pleasure in the duties of housekeeping. But the still, small voice will not always be silenced. It suggests that even a professional woman wants a home to come back to, that there is a limit to the capacity of the sturdiest feminine philanthropist, for getting in and out of public conveyances, or, last but not least, that in the British Isles it sometimes rains, and then what is to become of the girl who cares for nothing but hockey or cricket? What does become of her? She has all my sympathies, for she is about the most lost creature on this earth, left to yawn through the day in a weariness only temporarily relieved by a perusal of "*Ladies' Field*" and periodically deepened by depressing visits to consult the barometer.

But seriously, are we so much happier than our grandmothers that we can afford to look back with pity to the dullness of the eighteenth century? Put aside, for the moment, the great mass of women who work because they must, and consider only the girls of the leisure class, whom Lady Jeune has portrayed so sympathetically. She seems quite confident of their happiness and of their enviable future; but has she not, with a beautiful optimism, taken them all on a bright sunny day with their best frocks on? Is there no other side to the picture? I fancy that few

women nearing middle life with a large acquaintance amongst girls and amongst their own contemporaries would name contentment as the prevailing characteristic of the female sex. Whence came the South African "plague of women" but from the hunger of empty heads and hearts for fresh sensations? Who swell the comparatively harmless crowd of lady canvassers but the restless and unoccupied women of the leisured classes? And how comes it that within a very few years of "coming out" the modern girl resorts to an employment bureau, or to some "working" woman of her acquaintance to entreat advice about entering a profession? I doubt if discontent and impatience of monotony were ever more rife than now at the end of the Woman's Era. It is not only necessity that recruits the ranks of women workers. "Something to do" is the universal cry, meaning, in nearly every case, something outside the sphere of home duties.

Of course, a good deal must be set down to reaction against the narrowness and insipidity of early Victorian days. I have never been quite able to understand how it happened; but it all seems as if the first half of this century contrived very successfully to lose what the eighteenth century had possessed without on its own account making any compensating gain. Some reaction was inevitable. When education had reduced itself to elegant extracts and the use of the globes, it was perhaps hardly wonderful that the rebound should spring as far as Kant and the higher mathematics. An age which worked Berlin wool parrots with beaded eyes naturally gives place to one which pays outsiders to darn its stockings. But too much can be made of this theory of action and re-action. At all events as the higher education of women has now lasted more than the lifetime of a generation, it is permissible to ask that it should be judged by

its fruits. If fifty years of emancipation have failed to establish an equilibrium, is there not at least a suspicion that some important factor may have been too hastily thrown away?

What were the elements which made for peace and contentment in the eighteenth-century life? No doubt, when colonies were almost non-existent, there was far less disproportion between the numbers of the sexes. Fewer women remained unmarried, and it was not only possible but usual to regard spinsterhood as a reproach. Let us grant that more women married; and that the care of a husband and children left them little leisure for repining. But does the same result follow now? Is not marriage often just the crowning disillusionment? "She would be better married," people often say of the listless, unoccupied girl, forgetting in their haste the scores of listless young married women who sit disconsolately waiting until their husbands can find them a little amusement. Marriage in itself is certainly no cure for the characteristic disease of the age, a sort of mental anaemia, which shows itself in utter incapacity to take any lasting interest in reasonable pursuits. It is our British boast that we do not deal in *mariages de convenance*; yet it is idle to deny that as we go up the social scale, more of calculation and arrangement does enter into these matters. Where love has not been the only, or even the chief, consideration, will the excitement of a new position bring much permanent help to the girl with no other resources? If her husband's income is large, marriage may increase her pleasures without adding to her domestic duties. The result of such a disproportion was written of old in the copy-books. If his income is small, she feels defrauded of her due share of pleasures, and finds in the new duties only a new form of weariness. Holidays for housewives! Did not the pit-

eous tale unfolded this summer in the columns of a daily paper, suggest to some of us at least certain damaging reflections on the way in which our sex has contrived to arrange its affairs?

No, it may be true that few of our grandmothers remained unmarried; but that is not in itself enough to account for the difference. Nor should a philosophic and feminist age expect to account for it by any external condition, even so important a factor in the environment as a man about the house. Women in the eighteenth century and earlier were often as highly educated as ourselves; they conversed in various languages, they drew, they painted, they sang, they played, and over and above these intellectual employments, they passed their days in a round of domestic duties, involving often great manual skill and calling for no little exercise of ingenuity. Was not this the secret of their happiness? We have their education; we have possibly improved upon it; but where are those manual occupations which are Nature's own provision for mental relaxation? They are the weariness reserved for the modern housewife whose husband cannot afford to relieve her of domestic drudgery.

That state is the most fortunate which is as far as may be self-sufficing, and that individual is the happiest whose resources are mainly in himself. It is a truth as old as philosophy itself, so old, indeed, that we have forgotten it is not a truism. Yet in the education of girls we have done our very best to develop just those qualities which least tend to self-dependence. Of course, we had no such intention. We set out to increase their brain-power by giving them all knowledge for their province, and when we were accused of overtaxing their mental faculties, we fell back upon physical culture. Did any one express a doubt as to the all-sufficient virtue of athletics, we replied by a

panegyric on the value of public spirit. As if any girl needed to be encouraged in taking her tone from her companions! Why, where does there exist a more imitative creature? And what is the value of public spirit when the public is a mere succession of ciphers? Let us have individuals first; we can then impress upon them the advantages of foregoing individuality.

Assuredly, if self-development and independence of mind is the ideal for womanhood, feminine education is indeed a failure. What girl has a chance to be herself, even in her cradle, now that we have grown co-operative in our very nurseries? No sooner can our babies toddle than we send them to a Kindergarten for fear they should develop a tendency to play alone. From the Kindergarten they pass to the High School, where school-work, home-work, almost every hour of their day, is elaborately mapped out. Even if they are fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a real educator, what chance has he or she against the subtle infection of numbers? How strong that infection is, for all its subtleness, needs no proof, for any one who has ever watched a crowd or attended a public meeting. Is it not written large in the history of all the churches? The more plastic the material, the greater the loss, for the more rapidly does the mere average replace the selected type. That is why the public school system, even if in transferring it to girls we have not travestied it, would never produce the same good results which it works amongst boys. The young male animal is, as a rule, neither emotional nor impressionable. He offers a sturdy resistance to any premature attempts to force his mental and spiritual development. But with his sister it is different. Talk to her in somewhat high-flown language about *esprit de corps* and maintaining the tone of the school, and in nine cases out of ten you produce that en-

tirely unconscious and unthinking insincerity, which is so often mistaken for loyal adhesion to a cause. Yet all through a girl's life we insist upon subjecting her to the most dangerous influence. Her school years are passed in a crowd. The process is often prolonged after leaving by membership in a Guild or Association connected with the school, with aims which, without a little outside experience, she cannot possibly view in the right perspective. University life might, indeed, give her a chance of developing independence; but even there the cry is ever for larger and larger colleges which must inevitably tend to reproduce the conditions of school. Can we wonder that the average woman is only too prone to mistake parrot cries for principles? Partisans we have indeed produced in plenty; but only partisanship based on reasoned judgment deserves to be called public spirit.

I shall be told, with some justice, that it is too late in the day to protest against sending girls to school. For many households there is no alternative. Even if home education be infinitely preferable, the cost of a good governess is beyond a slender purse. That is true, though people who can apparently afford any number of personal luxuries, ought not to think £20 a year enough to spend upon the education of a daughter. Still, admitting that schools are a necessary evil, is there any sufficient reason why they should be so organized as to intensify their inherent disadvantages? When we borrowed the public school system, why did we stop short of the public school habit of thoroughness? In dealing with a creature quick to assimilate and endowed with a fatal facility for reproduction, surely it is in the highest degree unwise to allow her intelligence to wander at large over a great variety of subjects. Yet a girl at school often learns three languages, in addition to

mathematics, music, drawing, elementary science and a variety of so-called and distinct "English subjects." It is quite possible for her to have five lessons in one morning, and to spend in that way less than an hour at a time on each of five different subjects. Far better let her grind away at Latin and Greek, as her father did before her; she would at least gain something difficult to lose, whereas a couple of years is now quite long enough to forget all the lessons learned at school.

After all, it matters so little what she learns, provided it is hard enough to convince her that she herself has to learn it. Provided also that she is given time and encouraged to set her face against smattering. But time is a commodity lightly accounted of in an all-embracing curriculum. Although the present system claims to widen feminine interests and to develop feminine brain-power, I fear that when the twentieth century comes to reckon up its gains and losses, it will be found that what the feminine intellect has gained in breadth it has lost in depth, that quickened interest means lessened concentration, and that readiness to catch the tone of school or college is rather a hindrance than a help to the formation of character. If we could teach girls not to say what they do not think and not to feign an interest which they do not feel, we should have done more to promote simplicity and sincerity in future social intercourse than could be conveyed in a lifetime of lectures.

But our simplified curriculum, when we get it, will allow considerable intervals of leisure. Lessons, while they last, will be harder, because the individual brain will be required to do its own work, and relaxation must be sought in one of three ways; either in amusement, in athletics, or in an alternative form of employment. The first needs to be used with economy; it so soon ceases to amuse. The second is

apt to make too great demands upon an already diminished store of vital energy. Moreover, we must look to the future. Athletics, even pursued, as they so seldom are, in moderation, are apt to fail a woman just when mental relaxation is most sorely needed. Even in girlhood they are far too often indulged in at the expense of health; in middle life they are seldom wholesome and always unbecoming. Yet, as the earlier generations of educated women are beginning to find out, there is a growing need of intervals of rest and quiet, when brain and nerves can be soothed by some gentle and absorbing exercise into an unconsciousness that they are resting. Wearied by professional, or philanthropic, or literary labors, we turn to society which fatigues us, or to cigarette smoking which, did we dare to confess it, often bores us to extinction. Yet all the time close to our hands lies a remedy so infinitely superior to man's poor substitute of smoking, that in itself it almost affords him sufficient ground for complaining of the inequality of the sexes. Where is our sewing, our embroidery, our clear starching and ironing, all the hundred and one beautiful domestic pursuits which our ancestresses in their wisdom invented to meet this purely natural requirement? How comes it that we must needs found schools of needle-work and form classes for housewifery in order painfully to win back the heritage with which we ought never to have parted?

We never should have parted with it, were feminine education what it ought to be. The sound mind and the sound body would be a much commoner conjunction if brain work found its corrective, not in violent exercise, but in manual labor of the most practical kind. It is not enough to press art into the service; the degradation of drawing in most girl's schools to a mere mechanical exercise is such a serious reproach

against our educators, that it deserves a passing protest. But sewing, knitting, embroidery, lace-making, with the elements of cooking, and even such humbler matters as washing, ironing and dusting, why are these to be the precious privilege of the class which now so inadequately recruits domestic service? Of course, a girl at school will never prize proficiency in domestic pursuits as later in life she will come to prize it; but if made part of her daily task, they would be second nature to her long before the monotony of life had had time to make itself acutely felt. To be soothing, they must no doubt be largely mechanical; but that is not to say that in their higher development they may not become occupations of absorbing interest.

Certainly the good likely to result from a revival of interest in domestic matters would not stop short at the mere recuperation of overstrained nerves. That would be the very least of its benefits. To the great army of girls forever in search of pastures new, it would open up a field of work practically unlimited, for it aims at nothing less than the entire regeneration of middle-class homes. Is there not room, indeed, for such a reform? From the problems of domestic architecture to the minor details of dress and domestic service there are a thousand matters simply inviting the exercise of a clever woman's ingenuity. Why, for instance, should not constructive ability turn its attention to creating draughts only in the proper places? Think of the imperishable glory awaiting her who shall conduct all the smell of cooking up the kitchen chimney. Probably house-building will never emerge from its present chaotic condition until feminine wits set themselves to master its intricacies. Who so fit to make suggestions to an architect, required to pack the maximum of comfort into the minimum of space, as the woman whose desperate

struggle to save useful odds and ends has at least made her sound upon the question of cupboards. True, we are not all creative geniuses, but if our future Senior Wranglers will kindly attend to these greater matters, the humbler walks of domestic service will remain for the common herd.

Here, too, is a great opportunity for reform. Why should the professional man with several grown-up daughters be obliged also to house and provide for four or five female servants? Moreover, why should he have to furnish funds in addition for the amusement and distraction of his daughters, whilst his wife is perpetually chasing after the indifferent cook and the slovenly parlor-maid? Why, indeed, but for the false notion that his daughters' position and mental capacity raise them above domestic duties. But let these girls once realize how much happier and prettier they would be if they spent their mornings making beds and cleaning silver, and the slovenly house and parlor-maids would find their occupation gone. I am not so sure about the indifferent cook. The kitchen is full of promising openings for individual genius, but until our women-architects have invented proper shields for the complexion, I hesitate to class cooking amongst beauty-preserving occupations. Doubtless that will come in good time.

Not only shall we largely diminish the number of domestic servants, but by bringing the influence of refined and cultivated women to bear upon the minor details of domestic management, I cannot but think that we shall attain far greater simplicity and beauty of daily living. Individual taste will have so much more chance to assert itself. The decoration of the rooms, the setting of a dinner-table, the choice of curtains, drapery, linen, will no longer be left to the man from Blank's, who will furnish you "a tasteful home," or a "cozy corner," for almost any price

from £5 to £5,000. A woman who brings a fresh intelligence to bear on these matters will keep machines in their proper places. She does not want to put back the clock, she will be foremost in promoting labor-saving devices and pressing steam and electricity into her service; but as for the machine-made article, turned out by the gross, and staring you in the face in every house that you enter, it will go hard with her but she will contrive somehow so to twist and turn it as to give it individuality.

Her house, in short, will express herself, and not what she imagines society expects of her. And without the smallest eccentricity, the same individual prettiness will be seen in her dress, as soon as she learns to replace ready-made abominations by the dainty results of her own handiwork. At present economy and ugliness are sadly too often convertible terms, for the conscientious must perforce forego extravagant frills and furbelows, which would cost them little or nothing, if they knew how to make them themselves. And half the world goes about in a most distressing similarity, and with a truly alarming tendency to reproduce cheap "models," all because their parents and teachers did not insist on their learning to sew!

Healthful employment for girls, economy without ugliness, and an immense advance in simplicity and beauty of living, these are only a few of the advantages to be looked for from a revolution in feminine education, which shall restore to domestic pursuits the honor that was theirs in the eighteenth century. Among the leisured classes it is not unlikely that the marriage rate would rise proportionately, for if girls were content to live more simply, men would be less afraid to enter upon the estate of matrimony. It is the growing number of the things which we cannot do without that not unnaturally appalls

many a well-meaning and possible husband.

Moreover, it is not only the leisured classes who would benefit. The immense number of women obliged to earn a living would find far more employments open to them, had they been thoroughly trained to use their hands. Intellectually, with a few brilliant exceptions, they can but struggle more or less successfully to keep level with male competitors. And how often they fall back beaten in the race, how hard the fight must always be to the sex which is so heavily handicapped by its physical disabilities no one knows better than just those whom the world perhaps reckons amongst the most successful. They may not proclaim it upon the housetops, they are often far too busy to make platform appearances; but they would count it gain if the experience they have won in the daily pursuit of a profession could persuade their sisters to seek lines of life in which women can aspire beyond equality to pre-eminence.

Even if a woman's bent leads her to intellectual pursuits, she cannot afford to neglect manual employment. A profession is, as a rule, only exciting to those who have never practiced it. To most women, as to most men, it is just a means to an end. You live by it, that is all. But this simple fact is so frequently lost sight of in floods of feminine rhetoric that one may perhaps be pardoned for putting it down on paper. And it has intervals, intervals which must be filled up with something. If more of us filled them, like the heroine of the nursery rhyme who sat in a corner and sewed a long seam, it might

well be that we should bring a calmer judgment to bear upon the variety of ideals presented for our consideration by the leaders of the feminist movement.

There are so many more hours of the day than we think. At any rate there will be when girls have been trained to independence of thought and discouraged from following one another like a flock of sheep. Suppose, for instance, that even for one short year we dared really to live our own lives instead of talking about it. Suppose we attended no conferences, sat on no "representative committees," and swept the greater part of feminine organization into the limbo of useless incumbrances. We might even go further. We might give up the opera if it did not appeal to us; we might cease to be seen at private views if we had no special taste for pictures; we might save all the time expended in telling each other that one ought to see this or that by taking it for granted that intelligent persons with access to the newspapers would know what would interest them. Might we not even confine our visiting to the people whom we wanted to see, or who were likely to wish to see us; and our conversation, when we got there, to subjects about which we were entitled to an opinion? Why not inaugurate the twentieth century with a glorious year of jubilee, when, like the land of old, we might lie fallow and store up fruitfulness? Then, and not till then, shall we have leisure to possess our souls in peace, and to decide for ourselves wherein a woman's true happiness consists.

Pleasance Unite.

THE DIVINE PASTORAL.

The unique place which the *Altissimo Poeta* occupied in the first twelve Christian centuries was due, without doubt, to his fame as a prophet. This is the most reasonable explanation of the ascription to him of magical powers; he could not have been a prophet quite like the others, argued the unlearned man, with his rough logic—therefore he was a beneficent kind of wizard. On the other hand scholars and theologians accepted the theory that Virgil arrived at foreknowledge by divine favor; they did not think it necessary to bring magic on the scene. There was one sceptic, a man whose erudition was not less than his candor, which might have led him to the stake had he lived at the right time: St. Jerome. He turned the whole matter into ridicule, but no one agreed with him. From St. Augustine to Abelard, the flower of mediæval learning believed that the fourth eclogue was a prophecy of the birth of Christ. Constantine the Great, in his oration to the Assembly of the Saints, brings the eclogue forward to convince those who were not convinced by a certain acrostic on the name of Jesus Christ which passed for a sibylline prophecy, and which, he says sadly, many persons supposed to have been composed "by some one professing our faith and not unacquainted with the poetic art"—to have been, in short, a forgery, as it actually was. Now, the eclogue was not a forgery, nor was the sibylline prediction on which it was based. Constantine's enthusiasm for Virgil knew no bounds; he called him the Prince of Latin poets, and "this admirably wise and accomplished man." His discourse on the eclogue has been said to be too scholarly for him to have written it, but it is hard to set aside the positive statement of Eusebius that the Emperor did

write this and many other orations in Latin which were turned into Greek by a special staff of translators, maintained for the purpose; indeed, Eusebius gives one the idea that Constantine was as fond of composing speeches as a Cæsar of a very much later date.

An ancient legend tells of the visit of St. Paul to Virgil's tomb at Naples, and Dante makes Statius thank the Mantuan Vates for converting him. Successive popes quoted the eclogue as a prophecy. Theologians pointed to various texts in Scripture in which the existence of prophets among the gentiles seemed to be suggested. Though Dante's story of the conversion of Statius does not seem to have been true, there is no reason entirely to reject such stories; the ancient world looked on prophecy somewhat as we look on astronomical predictions, and with minds so disposed Virgil's oracle might work a remarkable effect. To say, as has been said, that the interpretation of the eclogue in a Christian sense, was the result of "a curious misconception" fails to do justice to the high intellect of the men who so interpreted it. These men were influenced by the religious atmosphere of their time, but they would not have been so obtuse as to suppose a Pagan poem to be a Messianic prophecy had it not looked remarkably like one. It would have been more curious if no one had been struck by the resemblance. Without altering the meaning, as Pope did, but by a very simple process of selection and omission, it is easy to show the spirit in which the poem was read. I have done this in the following version, from which the mythological names are left out; but even these, which sound incongruous to us, did not sound so in times when it was

common for poets to mix up Christian and Pagan personages:—

Sicilian muses, let me sing again!
But not to all gives still uncloyed delights
The leafy grove where I too long have lain:
Lift then my rural song to higher flights.

Now comes the Age of which the Sibyl told,
When ancient Justice shall return to earth,
And Time's great book its final page unfold,
Since Time is ripe and hails the Heavenly Birth.

The Iron Race shall cease, and soon elate
A Golden Race its happy course begin;
The nations dwell together without hate,
Man being born anew and cleansed of sin.

Whom do Immortal Presences surround,
Where light of life immortal grows not dim,
A happy world shall rule in peace profound,
His Father's virtue manifest in Him.

O Child! Earth brings thee all her first green things,
Ivy and holly, winter's little store,
Undriven the she-goat her sweet burden brings,
And mighty lions affright the herds no more.

Dead lies the poisonous snake among the grass,
And dead the nightshade and the hemlock dead,
Only sweet herbs spring up where thou shall pass,
And flowering branches o'er thy cradle spread.

Dear Child! Begotten of the Eternal Sire,
The heavens to tell thee near with gladness rang;
O could I see the world's fulfilled desire,
Then would I sing as poet never sang.

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Still on thine eyes no mortal eyes have shone,
Thy mother waits thee still, weary the while;
The full months bid her smile upon her Son,
Begin, O Child, to know her by her smile.

The prophetical view was, of course, unaffected by the question of exactly what Virgil had in his mind. On this point conjecture was divided; Constantine held that the poet "was acquainted with that blessed mystery which gave to Our Lord the name of Saviour," but that, to avoid persecution, he obscured the truth and drew the thoughts of his hearers to objects with which they were familiar. Others believed more rationally that Virgil spoke he knew not what—which did not interfere with the validity of the prophecy, since the essence of prophetic writings lies in their foreshadowing events of which their authors had no intellectual perception. Therefore, in the Ages of Faith, Virgil's conscious intention was a secondary matter. To us, on the contrary, it is a point of great interest, but we are as far as ever from throwing light on it. Prejudice, which once existed on one side, changed over to the other; the wish to interpret the eclogue supernaturally gave place to a wish to interpret it naturally; thus "*Jovis incrementum*," from being "progeny of Jove," became "*protégé* of Jove"—though the first reading seems, to say the least, a more probable one than the last. It was discovered that Pollio's son, an intolerable person, really went about boasting that he was the fated infant. This discovery is important because it shows that Virgil's own contemporaries did not know of whom he was speaking. But the theory it involves is the most extravagant of all. Virgil says that the great event is to happen while Pollio is Consul, which would be a strange way of saying that

the great event was the birth of his own son. Apart from this, Virgil could not have made such predictions about the son of a simple administrator without committing rank treason against Augustus. The theory of an Imperial offspring has much more to recommend it, only we cannot find the Imperial offspring. The greatest of recent authorities on Virgil, Professor Sellar, decided against the claims of the unfortunate Julia, hitherto regarded as the best candidate. Some critics have seen in the fourth eclogue the aspiration towards a new and renovated Rome, but this is a case of "thinking into" an ancient poet ideas which an ancient poet would not have thought. On the whole the most reasonable opinion is that of M. Gaston Boissier, who brings to the subject not only scholarship but a profound and sympathetic study of the epoch; the accomplished French writer declines to attach any definite meaning to the poem, which he prefers to consider a reflection of the vague unsettlement and expectancy prevailing in the Roman world during the last half century before Christ.

The dream of a return to a golden age was not unknown in classical literature, but it was at the end of the kite—a dream which knows itself to be a dream. When the theory of the Ages was treated by a realist like Hesiod, he made the worst age come last, anticipating the modern oracles of degeneration. Aristotle evolved a system of self-repeating cycles which depended on the position of the heavenly bodies, but it presents few analogies with Virgil's millennium. The idea of a universal peace has been connected from the earliest times with the birth or sojourn upon earth of certain exceptional beings.

Virgil must have remembered what is called the twenty-fourth idyll of Theocritus (though by some it is supposed

not to be by him). Professor Sellar saw no trace of Theocritean influence in the "Pollio," but the "Pollio" and the "Little Hercules" both deal with prophecies about a wonderful child. The seer Tiresias tells how the mothers of a later day, when they sit spinning in the evening twilight, will sing the praise of Alcmena, and call her the glory of womanhood. Her child shall be the greatest of heroes; he shall overcome men and monsters and there shall be peace on earth: "the wolf that finds the kid in its lair shall not harm it." When all is said, however, we cannot deny that the allusions, and especially the general tone of the fourth eclogue, remind us less of any classical myth than of parts of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Why did no Roman Sir William Jones or Edward FitzGerald draw the attention of his receptive, inquisitive fellow-countrymen to the wealth of poetry lying perdu in the Jewish sacred books? How was it that the Septuagint attracted so little notice? It is assumed that the Romans set their minds against everything foreign that was not Greek, but this seems to be disproved by the almost frantic way in which, latterly, they ran after Oriental fashions in religious rites. I have heard the suggestion that the cause of the neglect of the Septuagint was the little skill of its authors, which rendered many of the finest passages of the original commonplace or incomprehensible.

Virgil was a learned man, and was particularly versed in Alexandrine learning, but no one thinks that he possessed direct knowledge of the Old Testament; had he read it even in its imperfect Greek form, it would have left more traces in his works. On the other hand it is possible that fragments of Hebrew prophecies crept into the sibylline books which replaced the older ones that were destroyed when the Capitol was burnt during the first civil war. This would account for Virgil's

associating Messianic ideas with the sibyl.

It is also possible that the great revival of these ideas among the Jews themselves led to their becoming known, and even giving rise to discussion among the gentiles. The opportunism of Herod the Great—his ready exchange of the last shreds of Jewish independence for the civilities of Cæsar—drove the more ardent spirits of patriots and dreamers to a passionate rebound from despair to hope. The Simeons who waited for the consolation of Israel, the Annas who looked for redemption in Jerusalem, sent, perchance, a magnetic thrill of longing through a world which had nothing in common with their race or their faith.

Besides Virgil, another famous gentle was believed to have foreshadowed the birth of Christ; this was Zoroaster, on whose prophecies an ancient tradition affirms that the Magi based their researches. No incident of the infancy of Christ took so strong a hold of the popular imagination in the first centuries as the Magi's visit; in the homage of the Wise Men the early Church saw prefigured the subjection of the gentile world. To emphasize their symbolical significance, the "Wise Men" became "kings." These changes happen automatically; people cannot relate a story without giving it a color of pre-conceived ideas. It was to guard against similar unconscious modifications that the Jews devised the extraordinarily ingenious method for preserving the purity of the sacred text which was carried out in the Massorah. It is difficult to keep a written canon pure; it is far more difficult to prevent the phantasy of the pious from embroidering "improvements" on that part of it which slips into oral legend.

In the Roman catacombs there are two or three drawings of the Virgin lifting up the Child to the adoration of the Magi, and the subject reappears in

a mosaic in the sixth century Church of S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna. Almost always when the subject of the Nativity was treated in early Christian art (which was not often) it was in connection with the Wise Men's visit. The same is true of early hymnology. Synesius of Cyrene, the poet-bishop of Ptolemais, who lived in the beginning of the fifth century, wrote the impressive rhapsody which Mrs. Browning translated in her "*Greek Christian Poets*":—

What time thou wast pourèd mild
From an earthy vase defiled,
Magi with fair arts besprent,
At thy new star's orient,
Trembled inly, wondered wild,
Questioned with their thoughts abroad—
"What then is the new-born child?
Who the hidden God?
God, or corpse, or king?"
Bring your gifts, oh, hither bring
Myrrh for rite—for tribute gold—
Frankincense for sacrifice.
God! thine incense take and hold!
King! I bring thee gold of price!
Myrrh with tomb will harmonize.

The Magi became great personages in the Middle Ages by reason of their alleged relics, which were first preserved in St. Sophia, then given to the City of Milan, and lastly transferred to Cologne, when Milan fell into the hands of Frederick Barbarossa in 1162—a robbery which much distressed the Milanese, who resolved to represent a mystery of the Three Kings every year to keep alive the memory of their former custody of their bones.

Virgil himself frequently figured in the mysteries of the Middle Ages, accompanied by the Sibyl. In the earliest specimen extant, the office of the Nativity, which was performed at Limoges in the tenth century, "Virgilius Maro, goddess (?) of the gentiles" is asked if it is true that he was a witness to Christ? The poet replies with a line from his eclogue.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

A PARISIAN HOUSEHOLD.*

BY PAUL BOURGET.

VI.

CHARLES HUGUENIN.

It was one of the poets whose verses Hector Le Prieux had taught his daughter to love, who wrote this line, so significant in its simplicity:—

Et les heures arrivent toutes—

a deep utterance in which lurks the double pain of waiting, the poignant consciousness both of the duration of time and of its fleetness. Reine had felt the first of these torments while enduring the slow hours of her mother's "At Home," and of the festivities that followed, for she was obliged to appear with Madame Le Prieux at a dinner and a reception. Reaching home at last she began, in the freedom of her own thoughts, to experience that other torment of feeling, how short the moments were that separated her from the dreaded interview with Charles.

What should she say to him? Lying in her little bed, with the lights extinguished, she listened to the slow chimes of the clock telling off the hours with a sound like the inexorable step of Time. She strove to pronounce the words she must repeat to morrow, at that painful meeting, but the more she sought for fitting expressions, the more helpless she felt of putting into them all she wished them to hold—all her love which was a farewell, all her fidelity which was a broken promise, all her grief which duty bade her conceal.

Toward morning, after many prayers, she fell into a feverish sleep, from

* Translated for The Living Age by Mary D. Frost.
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which she woke much calmer. The necessity for action, while straining her nerves, restored, as sometimes happens, her mental tone. She rose at once, wishing to set her father's study in order early enough to avoid meeting him. She trembled lest, if he should speak to her, she might betray her secret before the inevitable step was taken. She, therefore, finished her morning task so speedily that Le Prieux did not find her when he seated himself at his desk, a little before the accustomed hour. Such are the misunderstandings which can arise even between father and child who feel for each other the tenderest devotion. The journalist had hastened to reach his study in the hope of surprising his daughter, as so often happened, and bringing about, casually, some revelation of her real sentiments in regard to this Faucherot marriage, which still troubled him. The ascendancy which his wife exercised over him had prevented his taking Reine aside the day before to question her. He had counted on her desiring this tête-à-tête herself, and it was a keen disappointment on entering his study to find his table arranged, his writing materials laid out, his fire burning brightly and the gentle fairy who had presided over his comfort already fled.

"She did not wish to speak to me of this marriage," he mused, "why is it?"

While the father was asking himself this question and finding no answer, yet not venturing to follow his child to her room out of deference to her supposed wishes, Reine was thinking:

"He has gone quietly to work. He is content. If he knew at what cost! Oh, may he never know!"

Doubtless she was sincere with herself, and yet this idea of her father's indifference was so painful to her that she experienced a sensation of extraordinary relief when, at nine o'clock, she beheld the plain, kindly face of Fanny Perrin. This devoted friend of Reine's was short and stout, with a head too large for her body. Her retroussé nose gave her something the look of a surly little bull-dog, but this was off-set by the frankness and sweetness of the blue eyes that looked strangely out from the homely face. Her faded complexion seemed the more colorless from being framed in hair of a washed-out blond hue. For years Fanny had worn only the second-hand dresses of her rich patronesses, and this showy apparel gave her an indefinable air of a "poor relation," the materials being at once rich and shabby, the cut at once stylish and out-of-date. It was the same with her hats and her shoes; and being not devoid of humor, she once remarked:

"I shall never have anything really new and made on purpose for me except my coffin."

The wretchedness of such a position consists less in the privations than in the gifts; the insolence with which such favors are apt to be conferred makes the recipients feel doubly drawn towards a benefactor of true delicacy, whom they can thank with the heart as well as with the lips. This was the secret of the exalted affection which poor Fanny had vowed to Reine. This affection gave her that sort of second sight into all that deeply concerned the young girl, and which is usually the special privilege of a devoted mother.

She gave a touching instance of it on this very morning. Noticing the pallor and hollow eyes of her young friend, she said at once, instead of enquiring after her health: "What ails you, Reine? Something serious, very serious has

happened to you. Do not deny it. I know it—I feel it."

"It is true," answered the girl, moved to tears by this sympathetic insight on the part of her companion. And she added: "Do not question me. I will tell you as much as I can—all the more as I have a great favor to ask of you. But do not fancy that I shall be hurt if you feel that you ought not to grant it."

"I have no fear as to that," rejoined Mademoiselle Perrin. "What could my sweet Reine ask of me that was wrong?"

Then, the girl remaining silent, she proceeded in a timidly questioning tone, like one who desires to meet a painful confidence half-way, and yet asks pardon for her own intuitions: "This thing that is troubling you concerns your marriage? Do not deny it."

"It concerns my marriage," assented Reine in a low voice.

"And to some one whom you do not love?" Fanny ventured farther.

"To some one I do not love," repeated Reine.

It was Fanny's turn to keep silence; she had long ago guessed Reine's sentiment for her cousin, but had never alluded to it, and did not now dare to speak of it first.

On her side, Reine repented of having said too much; she took her friend's hand in hers and said imploringly: "I have expressed myself badly, Fanny. Do not think that any one is trying to force me into this marriage. They have only proposed it to me, and it is I who think it more reasonable not to refuse. Besides, this has nothing to do with the favor I am going to ask of you. There is some one to whom I must speak!"—and she threw a supreme appeal into her tone. "I must have an interview of several minutes with him. I have written to him to meet me on the Tuilleries Terrace when the class is over. If you feel that you cannot go with me I will not go. As to my motive for this step,

spare me all questions, I beg of you, if you love me! Only be sure that I esteem you too highly to wish to draw you into anything wrong."

"Dear Reine! I am sure of it," Mademoiselle Perrin broke in, eagerly, and without a direct reply. "Come, we must make haste," she said, "or we shall be too late for the class. Fortunately it is a perfect morning for a walk."

There was in this last little remark, and the tender glance that accompanied it, all the feminine finesse possible to a spinster of fifty who does not like to give her formal assent to a request too unmistakably linked with a love-affair, but who does assent nevertheless, and is overwhelmed by her own complicity.

In fact, when two hours later, at the close of the lecture, the friends found themselves turning, as by a tacit accord, toward the gate of the Tuilleries, it was not Reine whose heart was beating the fastest. Twenty times over, in the five minutes it took them to walk that short distance, Fanny Perrin's scruples as a chaperone threatened to outweigh her half-promise; and then as she looked at Reine, the ardent yet sorrowful expression of that lovely face checked the protest on her lips and in her conscience.

Thus they arrived, without exchanging a word, on the terrace near the orangery where, with emotions equal though so unlike, they recognized Charles Huguenin, who was waiting for them. It was truly an ideal setting for a farewell such as Reine's—this quiet corner of Paris on a dull and foggy winter's morning. Out on the brighter Place de la Concorde, the sea-gods of the great fountains were glittering in a garb of ice, the obelisk rising between them flushed with rose-color, and beyond the Arc de Triomphe bathed in a frozen mist. A pale sun was mounting in a sky, cloudless but hung with the same icy veil. The Tuilleries basin, at the

foot of the terrace, was a gay sheet of ice dotted with skaters, and in the silence of the deserted garden one could hear the ring of their steel-shod feet on the polished mirror; while, in the centre of the pond, the fountain continued to send up a single jet of spray, which fell with a soft gurgle into the circle of living water it had made. Between the massive trunks of the old chestnut-trees, the statues shone forth, looking congealed in the frosty air, and a deep roar, the surge of the great city, enveloped the silent terrace. The place was vacant except for an old lady in a fur pelisse, evidently a foreigner, who was throwing a ball for two huge collies, which ran after it with wild, exultant barks.

What an atmosphere of melancholy and farewell! But Charles Huguenin was a lover, and for a lover who knows himself beloved, no landscape is melancholy save one where his beloved is not.

He had seen Reine emerge from the Rue Royale, slender and frail in her close-fitting jacket of astrachan; and suddenly the air had grown warm to him, the misty sky was full of light, the horizon of bare boughs and frozen waters had taken on the joyous hues of spring. She was coming, his enchanting fiancée! He had so longed to call her by that name, but had hardly dared to hope. It was she, who by her counsels, by her gentle and persuasive influence, had saved him from the snares of this artificial Paris, had rekindled in him the love of his birthplace, the taste for a genuine simple life—and she would soon be his wife! He would carry her far, far from here, to his home, to his father's house, standing so bright amidst its dark cypresses, and that idolized face, those "cheeks, whose thinness sometimes tortured him, would grow round and rosy and golden-brown in the balmy air of the South.

Charles had read his cousin's despatch the evening before with surprise and some anxiety, at first, but this feeling had soon passed.

His character was distinguished by one of the most charming traits of the Southern temperament, of that nature so complex and contradictory, whose hard materialism was so unyielding in Madame Le Prieux, whose sensibility was so supple and gracious in Charles.

The son and heir of the Huguenins—these old Provençal wine-growers, true sons of the soil—was deeply imbued with their patient optimism, a quality made up partly of the indolence bred of too soft a climate, partly of that *eurythmia*, that sense of harmony which the Hellenes—those early dwellers on the Mediterranean shores—had exalted into a virtue.

In this spirit he had said to himself: "My cousin Mathilde is making difficulties in regard to our marriage, and my poor Reine exaggerates them to herself," and he smiled tenderly as he thought of the childish fancies he attributed to his betrothed. How could he doubt for an instant of final success when he was sure of Reine's love, sure also of Le Prieux' sympathy, and when his relationship with Madame Le Prieux forbade the idea of serious opposition on her part?

Charles was naturally a clever young fellow, with an easy distinction of manner, which accorded with his clear-cut features, his animated smile, the blended fire and gentleness of his black eyes—great Arab eyes set off by his skin of amber-brown—but he had never been able, during his four years in the Latin Quarter, to rid himself of a certain provincial way of looking at Paris life.

The true position of his Le Prieux cousins, for instance, entirely escaped him. He regarded them, in the first place as people of wealth—entertaining, as he did, the common bourgeois opin-

ion of the fabulous sums amassed in journalism—though he had no thought of enquiring what Reine's *dot* would be, or whether she would have one.

Being an only son, and sure of an easy independence if he should consent to live on the paternal acres—a beautiful estate of vineyards and olive groves stretching along the gulf of Fos, a few leagues beyond Martigues—money seemed to him to play no more important a rôle in marriage than in his own heart; nor had he ever seen into the anomalous social relations of Reine's parents as a young Parisian would have done at the first glance. Society appeared in his eyes, as in those of most young men of his class, as a vague and indefinable region, a sort of stage on which the social aspirant—a class to which he did not belong—played his game of crafty intrigue, matrimonial or otherwise, and where simple fellows like himself were dragged through various alarming ceremonies, frivolous but indispensable. In Charles's eyes Monsieur and Madame Le Prieux were society people, just as his father and mother were landed proprietors, by a law of natural selection, into whose causes he did not examine. With these views, how could he suspect the hard realities against which Reine had been struggling since their last meeting, or the complex reasons for the unexpected decision she was about to announce to him?

Poor romantic Reine on her side little suspected the interpretation to which she was laying herself open by breaking off her engagement in a manner so inexplicable to him.

But now they had met and exchanged greetings, and Charles, who was but an awkward dissembler, had stammered a few words intended to give the chaperone the idea of a chance meeting, but Reine saved him from a white lie and her companion from embarrassment, by saying at once: "No,

my cousin, do not say that. Mademoiselle Fanny knows that I asked you to meet me here. She esteems and loves me well enough to understand that I tried to see you because I felt that I ought. She has faith in me, have you not, Fanny?"

"I have, indeed," replied the latter, who now stood still and motioned to the young people to walk a few steps ahead of her. She threw so much serious dignity into this gesture, which might have seemed one of servility, Reine's accent was so solemn, that Charles divined at once what he had not been able to read between the lines of the despatch—that this rendezvous, which he had considered quite natural after their secret engagement, was one of exceptional importance.

His mobile face lost its expression of tender gaiety as he asked: "What has happened, *ma cousine*? You seem so troubled, so upset. You say that you have granted me this meeting because you ought, as if you had come unwillingly, and yet—our last talk together and my mother's letter—"

"Your mother has written the letter?" interrupted Reine, with an eagerness that disconcerted Charles.

"With what an air you ask me that!" he rejoined. "Oh, Reine, have you forgotten all that we said to each other that evening—all you allowed me to hope? Could you doubt my keeping my promise at once? I wrote to my mother that very evening, and she answered by the next mail with such joy at the thought of your becoming her daughter, with such tenderness for you, that I am sure you would have been touched! Her letter to your mother was sent the same day; it must have reached your house on Monday morning at the latest. When your despatch reached me I feared that Madame Le Prieux had shown some opposition and that you wished to warn me. But oh, what is the matter, Reine?"

While he was speaking a deathly pallor had spread over Reine's cheeks. She was almost overcome by hearing so suddenly that her mother had received the letter asking for her hand and had concealed it from her, not even giving her the chance to choose for herself between happiness and such a sacrifice. Madame Le Prieux' hardness of heart from which she had suffered so often without owning it to herself, was once more revealed to her, and what was still worse, her duplicity.

She controlled herself, however, and replied, ignoring the dangerous question: "I am not very well this morning. I was troubled when you told me of Madame Huguenin's joy and of her kindness toward me." Then, in a tone at once imploring and resolute: "Listen, Charles," she said, "do you believe me capable of falsehood?"

"You?" he answered, more astounded than ever; "I have never heard you utter a word that was not truth itself."

"Oh, I thank you!" she cried. "Say it once more; it does me such good to hear these words—say again that you believe in me, that you will always believe in me."

"I believe in you, I will believe in you always," repeated the young man submissively; then added, puzzled by Reine's visible excitement: "But why—?"

"Why?" she broke in, "because I want to feel sure that you have faith in me; otherwise I shall not have courage to speak to you as I ought—yes, as I ought," she insisted, as if dragging her words up from the depths of her heart.

"I have met you here to-day because I could not let you learn from any one but myself a thing which I swear to you cannot grieve you more deeply than it does me—Let me finish, cousin," she said, at a movement from Charles; "I wanted to tell you this myself, and assure you at the same time

that I was not deceiving you when I let you see that I returned your affection— Oh, Charles, believe me, to bear your name, to devote my life to you, to follow you far, far from here, would have been happiness to me. I implore you to believe me—” As she repeated for the fourth time this word “believe,” which summed up all that she besought of him, her voice took on a more penetrating tone, as if she were trying to inspire her lover, who had turned as pale as she, with her own fervor of renunciation. “And I ask you to trust me still when I tell you that I must renounce this happiness for a reason I cannot resist, and cannot reveal to you—you must not, must not question me.”

Never before had her charming face, usually so reserved, so veiled by the shy delicacy of her feelings, allowed the intensity of her affection to shine through; never had her soft brown eyes been lighted with such a flame, while the stifled tones of her voice betrayed the beating of her heart which Charles could almost discern through the heavy furs that wrapped her round. At another moment he would have felt nothing but pity for her distress, but he was himself the victim of so cruel and violent a shock that he forgot all else, and when Reine paused he broke out in a bitter cry of revolt.

“It is impossible that I can have understood you,” he said. “How can this be true?” and he strode up and down with his hand pressed to his forehead, to steady his whirling thoughts. “I am not dreaming? You are there before me, Reine, telling me that you do not wish to marry me?”

“That I cannot,” faltered the girl, in so low a voice that her cousin could scarcely hear her, swept away as he was by the torrent of his passion.

“And you expect me,” he went on, “to accept this decision without even seeking to know its cause, to know who inspired it, why you have so changed?”

“I have not changed,” she murmured.

“You tell me that you were sincere in the feelings that you expressed for me the other evening,” continued the wounded lover, “and that you are of the same mind to-day. If that is true, what is the meaning of all this? One cannot snatch away a man’s whole joy in life, his every hope, without his having the right to defend that hope and that happiness—no, Reine, it is not possible. For you to speak to me as you are speaking now, after all you said that night, something very terrible must have happened. But, great Heavens, what is it? Does your father oppose our marriage? Or your mother? No, that cannot be, since they have not even spoken to you of my mother’s letter—unless you first spoke to them. Tell me, Reine, I implore you, have you done so?”

“No,” she had the strength to answer.

“In that case,” he repeated, “if the obstacle does not come from your father or mother, it can only come from you. It is some fancy that has seized you and made you alter your decision—it can be nothing else!” And already, if the innocent Reine had understood the depths of a man’s nature, she would have guessed that these words betrayed the recoil from a certain thought—a sudden sting of jealousy.

“Well, speak!” he implored; “whatever the fancy may be, tell me, Reine. I believe in you. I believe that you love me as I do you. It is not only my happiness that is at stake, but the happiness of both of us. Do not risk it for a chimera. For I am persuaded it can be only a chimera. Tell me your reason; we will discuss it together. If it is a secret you owe it to me to believe that I am capable of keeping a secret of yours. When you have told me all you will wonder at yourself. This will all vanish like a night-mare. Come—speak!”

“Oh,” she moaned in a tone of anguish which this time struck Charles

to the heart, "If it had been possible should I not have told you at once? I asked you to have faith in me," she went on, clasping her trembling hands; "I hoped you would believe in me, believe that I cannot be your wife, that I cannot tell you the reason. No," she repeated, with desperation, "I cannot!"

There are moments in an interview like this when the will of one or the other asserts itself with such irresistible force that all discussion suddenly ceases. Thus when Reine pronounced this "I cannot," Charles felt himself confronted by an invincible obstacle.

The two young people walked a few steps in silence, she exhausted by the energy of her appeal, he half frantic at dashing himself for the first time against the impenetrable mystery of a woman's heart—that worst of tortures to a lover.

He gazed at her with a feeling which he would have thought impossible—a feeling of irritation amounting almost to hatred. The loyal, simple-hearted fellow had no conception of the frenzy of passion which can overwhelm a man's soul when it is suddenly turned upon itself in impotent suffering. He gazed at her, and the girl's soft, dark eyes, the ideal nobility of her profile, the graceful outline of her cheek, the fine curve of her parted lips, the silky masses of her chestnut hair, her fragile figure, her whole youthful charm which was wont to stir him to tenderness, now roused in him a cruel desire to wound her, to crush her will. What was this mysterious motive for breaking with him, so powerful over this fragile creature, who had seemed so wholly his, so touching in her self-surrender. At first he thought some religious scruple might be involved. Although in a reasonable nature like Reine's religious feeling could never turn into excessive pietism, still, might she not, in the fervor of her fifteenth year have made some vow which she had suddenly remem-

bered? And yet, no, she could not have felt such evident terror at confessing such a motive. Charles continued to gaze at her, and all at once the frightful suspicion which had flashed over him once before and been repelled took possession of him again. Could it be that she loved another? Senseless suspicion for she had just assured him of the contrary, and everything in her attested her truth, her words, her voice, the expression of her eyes—abominable suspicion, for if Reine indeed loved another, her conduct toward her cousin on the evening of their betrothal and now was evidence of a flagrant coquetry and heartlessness of which she had never given him the right to think her capable. But, alas! such wild and abominable suspicions are what jealousy most easily arouses in us, and its fatal blindness prevents our recognizing either our folly or our injustice.

This must be Charles's excuse for having misjudged, if only for an hour, the adorable child who walked at his side along the terrace by the Seine. Was it really he who was speaking such words as these to his beloved Reine, whom he had regarded hitherto with a tenderness as reverential as an act of worship?

"Be it as you will," he began, "I will respect your wishes. I will not try to learn your motive for breaking my heart. But there is one question which I have the right to ask and which you are bound to answer. Tell me that you are not taking back your word because you wish to marry another? Tell me that and I will submit. I will leave Paris to-night and you shall never hear of me again. But answer me this. I will know."

He saw that she turned paler and trembled still more, but she remained silent, and his excitement rising with what he read in her silence, he went on more harshly and bitterly: "It is true,

then, since you dare not deny it? It is true!"

"I cannot answer you," she said in a voice that was hardly more than a breath, so stifled was it by emotion.

"To be silent is to answer," he said. "So you are going to marry some one else? Some one else!?" he repeated, then, with all the fury of his jealousy flashing from his eyes, and no longer measuring his words: "It is shameful, this that you are doing! How have I deserved to be treated like this? It would have been so easy, the other evening when I spoke to you, to stop me, and long before that, you must have seen that I loved you. Why did you let me believe that you shared my love? Why do you try to make me believe it still? It is cruel, atrocious!"

"Charles," she besought him, "stop, I entreat you—you hurt me! Have pity, you do not know all—you promised to believe in me—"

"How can you expect me to believe in you still?" he cried.

"You no longer believe in me?" she asked, stopping suddenly, as if stunned.

"No," he answered brutally. He had no sooner spoken the cruel word than remorse seized on him as he saw the frightful change that came over Reine's features. The girl's eyelids drooped, her lips parted as though she were gasping for breath, and she leaned for support against a tree, as if everything were whirling about her and she were on the point of falling. He sprang forward to catch her, but she waved him off.

The blood had returned to her cheeks; she reopened her eyes and flashed on him a glance in which shone all the indignation of her wronged loyalty. Then, without a word, she turned her back on him and ran to mademoiselle, who was standing a few steps away.

"Come, Fanny, come," she cried, in a voice that had grown firm once more, "we must go home. We have only just time. Be quick, be quick!"

The young man did not attempt to speak to her again, nor did he try to follow her. When Reine and Mademoiselle Perrin had turned the corner of the orangery, he was still where they had left him, close to the tree against which the girl had leant, apparently stunned by all that had passed. He gazed through the bare boughs at the skaters still passing and repassing on the pond, at the profiles of the gray statues, at the rose-tinged shaft rising between the river-gods still glittering in their icy coat of mail, at the dark outline of Reine vanishing in the distance. All these details of the scene where he and his cousin had broken troth were very vivid, very real. Suddenly, the reality of the words that had passed between them came as vividly home to him, especially the words he had spoken to her, and as Reine had finally disappeared, he sank upon the bench beside him with a groan: "Wretch that I am! She will never forgive me!"

He no longer doubted her loyalty, and this only made his case the worse.

(*To be continued.*)

PRECAUTIONS OF WILD LIFE.

The gray badger, which for no valid reason some have done their best to exterminate, is compelled at the present time to use all the precautions that his wits will furnish to keep himself under the earth, and on the face of it. What has the poor creature done to deserve persecution? Surely, where he makes his home they could let him be. At one time I knew where we could see him with a little patient watching; but he has been so badly treated that if in his moonlight rambles he comes across the spot where some member of humanity has rested on the short green turf, in the daytime, he noses it, throws his snout up like some angry snork, and rushes away. This he will do on lonely sheep-walks, miles away from hamlets, so the poor fellow must have reasons for it.

Rabbits and rats in some places have become a perfect nuisance; the rabbits are eating up the garden produce and the sheep-feed. As to the rats they are killing off the poultry, young chickens and young ducks, after these have reached such a size that the general public would think they would not be interfered with. Stoats and weasels may be about somewhere; I have not seen one for months. To see a weasel, with a mouse or a bird in its mouth, would be a rarity; as to watching a stoat hunt a rabbit down, as we have done in past times, there is little chance of it now. Half-grown and adult rats, as well as mice, are the favorite food of many creatures. If the creatures, furred and feathered, that feed on their enemies are killed, their young, owing to the undue increase of these foes, vanish. One grizzled old keeper told me "as he wawn't sure as badgers was any harm, or for that mat-

ter any good; on'y for tarriers tu draw."

For certain reasons only known to themselves, otters, also, have deserted for a time one of the favorite waterways used by them in going from one part of the river to another. They are extraordinary and erratic creatures in their eel-like movements; coming before you at times—few and far between—in the most unexpected manner. When their kittens are out, then is the time to look for them in their haunts, and when the eels begin to run in the early autumn; for, so far as I have been able to form an opinion on the matter, both adults and young follow the fish down stream. As it is a well-known fact that eels only run under certain conditions, and these are very much influenced by atmospheric agencies, a run of the fish is soon stopped, and there they will remain in the waters that they have run down to until the conditions are once more favorable for their passing onwards. I have seen the young eels, about a foot in length, making the upward passage in hundreds, some in the water and some out of it; they crawl through the damp grass like snakes to reach the water beyond. That is the only reason I can give for the otters visiting places, well frequented, in the manner they are known to do. They know that the fish have stopped there for a time, and they intend to have as many of these as they are able to capture. As the eels move about at night, they move after them. The otter's nose is a keen one, and as anglers fish on both sides of the river he or his are not going to land where their taint is on the grass; it is impossible for you to stand, sit, kneel or place your rod on the ground without that gray-brown

fisher getting wind of it; and so he goes down stream under water, venting as he glides along. Any one that saw the creature out in a sedge meadow for the first time would take it to be a large cat out on the prowl. Fortune has favored the intelligent creatures near us lately; not even a kitten has come to grief, and we hope that they will remain undisturbed. Fish, too, are numerous again, so they have not cleared all off. What creatures are credited with doing and what they really do, are very different matters. That they do clear pools at times of fish, pull moorhens under and catch rabbits, no one who is acquainted with them can deny. But these little games are not carried on all the year round, at least so far as rabbits and moorhens are concerned. With the exception of one otter that accidentally walked into a rabbit trap which had been set in a garden for his capture—and that was in 1894—all the otters that frequent the river, so far as we are able to glean, have got off scot-free from trap or gun.

Frogs get about at night a considerable distance from water; in fact, unless it was the spawning season, by the water's edge or in it would be the last place where we should look for a frog. Every living creature, if permitted, knows where to look for food as the seasons come round, and the very best place to search for plump, handsome specimens is in a strawberry bed. As some of the beds are not far from the river, the otter above mentioned, in his search for frogs, got into the trap. A change of diet is beneficial to human beings, and furred and feathered creatures are also benefited by it. The otter is about his old haunts, just now, we know, for the "seals" are to be seen in retired spots down the river, where he has banked his fish or traveled along the river's edge. In the early morning and the dusk of evening we have waited for hours by one fa-

vorite hunting-place of theirs, but we have not yet sighted one. Peering under hollow banks, laced and interlaced with the great roots of the trees that grow on them, and ranging willow holts, has been all to no purpose. That the others have brought up their kittens close to outbuildings within a short slope of the river Mole I feel confident, for in passing through the water-meadows, with their tangles of rush, sedge, iris, meadowsweet and purple loosestrife, I have not seen either the lair and seal or cast of the otter, keenly as I have looked for them. No doubt they, like other creatures, have come to the conclusion that if they wish to escape harm from human beings, the only way to avoid it is to get as close as they can to them and their belongings; they seem to have found out that where their presence is not suspected they are never looked for. Alder copes, willow holts and water meadows have not been safe places of late years for them, as they have found to their cost; so they have worked on certain precautionary lines of their own recently, and very much to their advantage. Certain old barn-floors, the fagot stacks and the old foundations of haystacks I should be sorry to see investigated by nosing terriers just now. They are very close to the river—in fact, when a flood comes the water nearly reaches up to them. But as one gets in the habit of keeping what one thinks to oneself, if it is a case of sheltering wild creatures, I have not visited them for some time, having well-founded suspicions that some of these creatures which are very partial to fish have their families there. It is very much to be regretted that this brown-coated, flat-headed, long-tailed river wraith should have been—and he still is—persecuted without a reason. One elfish grunter, in long-drawn jeremiads, prophesied that there would not be a fish left in the river Mole if the otters were

not killed off. As he was not able to tell people how to set about that job, the playful creatures remained. That was in 1894; in 1895 some parts of the river when the sun shone brightly looked dark from the numbers of great fish that were sunning themselves near the surface. It is very difficult to get a sight at certain times even of the traces that the creature leaves behind it, let alone the fisher. The otters know what the report of a gun means, and they get out of gun range.

"The timid hare that barely leaves a shadow as he flies," says a poetical writer on natural life; yet the merry brown hare is not at all a naturally timid creature. But every man's hand has been against the gentle creature for centuries, for he is good for sport, good to eat and good to sell. For reasons known far better to the hare than to ourselves, we have missed him from some noble park lands, and from the wide pastures that join them. It may be that alternate crops on the farm lands have something to do in the matter. From having seen numbers of hares feeding in large fallow fields where a vestige of crops had not been for twelve months, the thought has struck me that as there was a crop on the neighboring field, and yet they preferred the fallow to feed in, the damage they are credited with doing may be a little overrated. The Ground-Game Act has compelled the hare to adopt extra precaution, for at one time he could lie out in the farm fields and the grazing meadows in perfect security—at least in the day-time; but this state of affairs has altered, and now he, like other creatures, has to be on the alert.

After centuries of persecution the heron rests in comparative peace. The rigid laws framed in past days for his so-called protection, were not drawn up to benefit the fine bird himself, but in order that he might provide sport for

hawking. This noble and ancient sport is of great antiquity; Eastern nations have followed it with the greatest success from time beyond record. Falconry has really never died out in England; but draining the fens, and more or less enclosing open spaces of great extent have made it impracticable at the present time to hawk in certain districts which were once favorable for it. Plains, heaths, open moors—that is, moors without trees—and marsh-lands are the only places remaining where falconry can be indulged in, and the districts that are suitable for it lie wide apart. In ancient times the heron was killed when captured, either by the falcons that brought him down, or by the falconer if he got to his hawks quickly enough. And this they did their utmost to accomplish. A good cock heron has been known to drive his dagger-like bill through a falcon when on the ground, for, like his relative, the bittern, he fights with bill and feet. The heron and the kite, the fork-tailed kite or gled—the one a wader, the other a bird of prey—furnished the so-called royal flights for falconry. The heron can do no hurt to the hawks when in the air, but they can and do when they bind to him—that is—fix on him. They come floating and whirling down, buoyed up by their great wings. Peregrines are chiefly used—the falcons—for the tiercels are barely powerful enough to cope with a strong heron effectually; some of them in spite of their dauntless courage, are very light in build. Jer-falcons, Greenlanders, Icelanders and Norwegians have been used in past days, but their temperaments have not caused them to be in favor with modern falconers. And they are most deadly footers; it is their nature to be such; they will strike at a large quarry until they have killed it—in fact, knock it about—and that is just what is not required in heron hawking; the falconers ride their hardest to save the heron

when the hawks have got him. This is soon done, if all goes well; the hawks are taken up, the heron fixed between one of the falconer's knees, and a light band is placed on one of his legs as a mark by which they may know him if he is again captured; then he is let loose, not much the worse for it all, beyond the fright and the loss of a handful of feathers when they struck him. If this wise plan had not been adopted, the heronries would have been decimated, and the broad-winged quarry gone. There is not the least doubt that it is owing to these unwelcome marks of attention which have been paid him through successive centuries that the bird's naturally astute faculties have been sharpened to a wonderful degree, so that he has used the most extraordinary precautions for his own safety. In the course of my life I have had many chances of watching this fine wader. I say chances instead of opportunities, for you may be certain that he or his are in the immediate vicinity, but you have to take the chance of the birds' allowing you to see them. The heron can wade to a depth of eight inches comfortably; if the water were deeper than that he would have to swim. This accomplishment is only put into practice under peculiar straits which inconvenience him at times. I have seen him take to the water like a duck when he has had good reasons for doing it. From three to five inches of water are best suited to his wading operations; and a very great amount of patient stalking is done just on the edge of it. Orders have been given in certain woodland districts that the herons are to be left unmolested, which is a step in the right direction.

Brown rats are as numerous about the banks of quiet waters, those that fowl resort to, as water voles. These murdering thieves and their half-grown progeny go sneaking through the sedges to kill and eat the young of ducks, teal,

coot, moorhen or rail, if they can get near enough to them. It is frequently the case where birds are protected, that three, or it may be half a dozen, herons are on the watch, concealed in the aquatic tangle; and a number of those young rats, and one or two, at least, of the old ones will never get back to their holes again. Regarding fish from a common-sense point of view, overstocking will ruin any waters. This simply means allowing them to increase in such numbers, through excessive protection, that at last the water gets foul from overcrowding, and a murrain seizes the lot. I have seen youngsters, in fine glee, tossing out large roach with their bare hands, as they surrounded a pond in which the fish were circling in great shoals.

Some pike waters are very prolific—in fact, unduly so if no natural checks are there. One of my rustic friends once observed, with reference to a certain piece of water, "Them 'ere young jacks is as thick theer as effuts in a hoss-pond." He was quite right; every little outlet and the plashes from the overflows, were full of little jack from four to six inches in length, each one keeping its distance from the other; they were short ones certainly, but they were apart. If this state of affairs is allowed to go on year after year, after eating all the other fish in the pond they begin to eat each other. Since the herons have been allowed to clear off the surplus of these small alligator-snouted fish, and to range the edges of the pond for them, matters have altered for the better. Rats, voles, water-shrews—bubble-mice—frogs and efts, all get sampled in their turn; first come, first swallowed.

The peregrine falcon, when on passage, still visits large pieces of water in Surrey very well known to myself, which have fowl of some kind on them all the year round. His local name of duck-hawk is the same as it was gene-

rations back; and it is a very good one, for all the time that the peregrines are about—the short time they stay in one district—they are at the fowl all day long. Herons are there as well as ducks, but the hawks do not interfere with them with a view to capture; for peregrines are fastidious in their feeding when they have choice in the matter, and the flesh of the heron is not particularly sweet or tender. Large hawks, and, for that matter, small ones, do not get on the wing any more than it is necessary for them; a short flight for a quarry suits them far better than a long one. They simply post themselves where they can watch without being detected and wait their chance. No hawk ever hunts on a full crop, but there are times when it is no easy matter to get that crop filled. For directly fowl have seen a peregrine about, they are all eyes and ears. After a wild hawk has casted, he is not hungry immediately; and he is light and fit as a fiddle, as they have it, for flying. As a rule he will have one or two preliminary swings over the trees away from the water, before he or she, as the case may be, settles down to business; the hawk is only taking gentle exercise in order to get a good appetite.

In he shoots, a fine old gray tiercel, into some Scotch firs near the edge of the water, where he is at once out of sight. The fowl are in the cover nozzling about; not even a dabchick pokes his head up to make a ring on the water and vanish again. A solitary heron, that has been feeding in the flags unseen, thinks that he may as well flap over the lake to the other side in order to try his luck there. Out he bundles, and away he flaps just over the water, a few feet only above it; there is not the least necessity for his rising any higher. But the breadth of this fine piece of water—the locality of which I will not even indicate, for good reasons, beyond stating that it is in my

favorite Weald haunts—is quite enough for the heron to get his neck doubled back in between his shoulders, and his legs well out behind his short tail, before reaching the opposite belt of flags to that from which he started. Just as he is slacking, on nearing the sedges, something shoots over with a rush, and vanishes over the reed clumps beyond the sedges, and the heron, with one hoarse cry, drops on the water as if he had been shot. Then he flaps and scuffles over it into the flags. His hereditary instincts have told the patient fisher the full meaning of that fierce stoop from his ancient enemy, the peregrine. Even where he is protected, his precautionary habits still prevail; no matter when or where he may be met with, alone or in company, a keen lookout is kept. It is a most interesting sight to see three or four herons circling round over your head, and then to watch them settle, one by one, on the top shoots of the highest firs near them, where they will remain, watching all your movements, until you are a long distance off. For the keen heron, above all the birds that belong to his tribe, puts in practice a great measure of precaution.

That beautiful bird, the magpie, has completely passed away from some of our hunting haunts; and those that were introduced by lovers of bird life in districts where they had been exterminated, have also vanished in a very mysterious manner. A small volume could be written concerning his habitat, ways and means of living, also his shifts and expedients to provide for his own safety, and, in the nesting season, for the members of his family. He is, without exception, the most accomplished feathered creature in the woodlands that I am acquainted with.

After long years of intercourse with woodland people, some of it with reference to business matters and some in a private capacity, I have been struck

with their quaint, dry ways in drawing notice to certain matters. For instance, the old fathers and mothers of the secluded hamlets, when I was a young lad of seventeen, if they had occasion to mention his Satanic Majesty, always called him "Old Cocky Hoop" in their ordinary conversation; but when they met in their little Bethels under the hills, they never spoke of him except by his first dignified title of Satan. And why the simple magpie should have interested them so much as he did, I have never been able to discover. In their eyes he was not a bird of evil omen, or they would not have had him about their houses in a domesticated state. The wings were never clipped, for the children had generally brought the bird up from the nest. Many a time have I seen the children, dog, cat and magpie all together. When roosting time came round, the beautiful creatures would lit in the woodhouse of their own accord, and perch, to be ready for the coming out directly the door was opened early in the morning. Magpie's wings fixed in the inside of the dwelling-house door, and a rusty horseshoe with a sprig of mountain ash above it fixed on the door of the stable, were considered more than sufficient by these people to counteract all the powers of evil that might, as they said, "be loosed fur a time, fur tu work mischief on the hills, an' under 'em." One old mob-capped dame who used to expound to me a bit when I felt in the humor to listen to her—and this used to be on wet nights, when we were forced to keep in the chimney corner—told how she'd "heerd her own father say many a time, an' he knowed summat, bless 'ee, as one o' they mags wus a match fur any one o' Old Cocky's imps; an' a couple on 'em wus a leetle more 'an a match fur Old Cocky Hoop hisself." To see magpies and to have them about their houses, was by those honest souls considered lucky. Those old people

have been at rest under the daisy-dotted turf for years. Past and present changes concern them no more, and their feathered lucks, the magpies, are no longer to be seen about the spots they once lived in. Marked traits of the raven, crow, dun-crow and jackdaw are all blended in Mag.

Sometimes a gray vixen of a sparrow-hawk will crab for a quarry that some other bird has got on the ground. Crows, where they do exist, are very guilty of this nefarious habit. "Crabbing" consists in taking from another bird, on the principle that might is right, the quarry that the unfortunate one had exerted itself to the utmost to get. There are no limits as to what a sparrow-hawk will or will not do when sharp set for a full crop.

Stretched out on a bare hill-side for purposes of observation we hear the complacent chattering of a magpie—denoting a lucky capture of some kind—come from the firs that surround the foot of the hill. Then we see him lit from them, with something in his mouth that looks very like a well-grown young partridge; and he drops down below us. In using the word bare, we mean that no trees were on that side of the hill, only low scrub-thorns thinly scattered, the tallest of them not two feet in height. By the occasional glimpses that we get of him, he is stocking as if he had got something that just suited him. Presently out he darts, his body low down, his long tail in a line with his back, and his head thrown up sideways; then back he shoots, chattering as only a magpie can. From one or two flirts-up of his tail, we come to the conclusion that he is poking something under the thorn scrag. Not seeing any cause on the side of the hill for this behavior, we look up, just in time to see a gray old vixen of a sparrow-hawk, a most powerful creature, driving straight at Mag. Something shows for one moment, a

confused flash of black and white, as the bird shoots round the bunch of thorn so as to avoid the stoop. That is all we see, but we hear far more; for no demoralized parrot, with the gout in one of its feet, ever held forth in a more eloquent manner than does that magpie. The hawk swings round over the fir tops and out over the hill, and we can see Mag bobbing up and down, as if it had wires fixed in its body instead of legs; every part of the bird, from head to tail, appears to be in a state of motion. The hawk is well up; for one or two seconds there is just a quiver of her wings as she gets her poise, then down she rushes in one long rake for her clutch, misses again, and before she can recover herself the magpie has darted into a thick bit of thorn, and is safe from the keenest hawk that ever struck a quarry. The goshawk, and its representative in miniature the bold sparrow-hawk, have been classed as ignoble or short-winged hawks—mere pot-hunters. But I once saw a sparrow-hawk out in the open make five pounces in succession, recovering herself with such startling rapidity, that from the time I witnessed it that ignoble and pot-hunting theory has been placed on one side forever and a day. The magpie, when they have hawked for him in open places with trained peregrine tiercels, a cast of them—that is, a pair—on the wing, at one time, to wait on him, assisted by beaters to beat him out, and back from cover-scrub thorns towards the hawks—will at times escape from the lot. He never loses his head when there is danger near him. One day as I was passing a "Gippo camp," I heard the following conversation: "Heard the news, Manuel, my son? Eli's magpie's dead." "You don't say so! how old Zara will miss him!" "They knowed a lot, the pair on 'em did, but take my word for it, nobody knowed what the magpie did but himself. I wonder where he's gone to."

When fowling by the shore and on the tide, one comes across incidents of a somewhat laughable nature. At the time they may, indeed, appear exasperating to those that are directly concerned in them. All the wild geese put in practice the keen precautions that their sharp wits suggest to them, especially when feeding at night.

"Hev ye bin overboard, Tommy, for thet goose ye've got? Ye looks a bit damp, an' yer gun looks as if ye hed bin stirrin' mud-holes up with her. What's amiss?"

"I crawled fur a big pull at sum black geese as wus feedin' close tu the snapper flat; I reckined as I must git well along with 'em, an' I crawled down one o' the blite gripes. But it waun't tu be, Piper, fur they'd posted one on 'em as sintry on the bare grass o' the flat, an' he heerd me a-crawlin' down and gabbed out. I let him hev it when he riz up over, fur I knowed as t'others were off arter hearin' o' him gabble out. I could see as he wus well hit by his wobblin', an' he dropped on the hards where the weed bunches and the tide splashes is. When a goose lays a-shammin' dead with his neck stretched out, you can't tell a bunch o' weeds frum a goose, or a goose frum a bunch o' weeds. I groped about with one hand, and the gun in t'other, when jist as I got tu one o' they tide splashes I put my hand right on him; it wus all chance-work. He flap-flapped with his wings, an' he sent enough stinkin' slush ooze up in my face tu smother a skiff; what with one thing an' t'other I slipped on the weeds an' went backwards, gun an' all, in thet dirty splash. But I stuck tu my goose."

The creatures outwit you if they can; and in this matter seven times out of ten they will be successful, for their hereditary instincts are very keen so far as self-preservation is concerned; and where they go you can only follow at the risk of your life.

A Son of the Marshes.

THE INTERMEDIARY.

PART I.

The roses were in full bloom, and Mrs. Twist's garden, with its old-fashioned flower-beds and trimly-kept hedges, looked delightful in the early evening light. The cottage with its wonderful variety of creepers, was in itself a picture to tired London eyes. Over the porch honeysuckle climbed; on one side was a magnificent Gloire de Dijon rose making its way through thick vine leaves and variegated ivy; and on the other, above the luxuriant fuchsia, the Virginia creeper reached to the top of the gable.

By the open window of the parlor on the left of the door, a girl was sitting, enjoying the mingled fragrance of the evening scents. She wore a quiet gray dress, plain but very neat, and finished with white collar and cuffs. Mrs. Twist herself was engaged in clearing away the tea from the round table. The small room was exquisitely clean, and was evidently tended with much care. It was profusely decorated with china ornaments and brilliantly colored vases, while under two imposing glass shades, groups of abnormally magnificent wax flowers were to be seen. Every chair-back had its own crochet antimacassar.

"Oh, Mrs. Twist," cried the girl as she turned away from the window, while the faint breeze just stirred the little curls of her brown hair, "if you knew how rapturously delightful it is to me! To be able to lean out of my bedroom window and gather roses, to look out on the garden, and smell the lemon-thyme once more—oh, it is like living again, after being stifled for two years in a town! Mrs. Twist, you were an angel to say you could take me in!"

There was a flush of excitement on

Letty's usually pale cheek; and she talked fast, feeling it impossible to keep her delight to herself.

"Well, not an angel, Miss Allen," replied Mrs. Twist, "leastways not yet. I am sure, miss, in church it sometimes gives a body a turn, and makes one go quite giddy like, to think as 'ow some day one may be flying round instead of walking, and hard work enough that is, and me getting so stout."

"How shall I ever bring myself to leave this paradise, and go off by the early train to the office?" asked Letty.

"Well, miss, you may depend upon my calling you as reg'lar as reg'lar," said the practical landlady. "And if so be as you're a heavy sleeper—"

"And to be all alone here, think of that! I don't mean *you* of course, Mrs. Twist, but not to have any other lodger to disturb one! Oh, the tortures I have undergone through the idiosyncrasies of people living in the same house! In my last rooms my neighbor played the violin—excruciatingly. I used to think I should go mad. Mrs. Twist, don't you *abominate* a fellow-lodger? Don't you think that murder might be justifiable if he played the fiddle?"

Mrs. Twist put down the tray that she was removing, and looked solemnly at her new boarder. "Well, miss, I am not one of those to deceive you," she said, "and there *is* a gentleman as I lets my other parlor to. He's a quiet, civil-spoken gentleman, and as free as free; and if he is a bit trying now and again, coming back late for his dinner, enough as I says to burn his meat to a cinder, I often thinks what a blessing it must be to him to have a respectable body to look after his darning; for when he came here, if you believe me—"

"Oh, I did not know," said Letty. "Well, never mind; I daresay we shan't fight."

"Lor, no, miss! He's a most well-conducted gentleman, though he don't go off to London every morning, as you might know the time of day without ever looking at the clock, like the gentleman as lodged here before him. A lawyer's clerk he was, but this one, he's what they calls an author—he writes books, miss. I can't say as I've read them myself, but they're thought a deal on by some folks. 'Ealing 'Ands,' miss, that was the name of one of them, and with 'is own 'ands he gived it to me. 'Mrs. Twist,' says he, 'if you'll tell me exactly what you think of it, we'll put it into print.' And he laughed like as he does sometimes, for he will 'ave his joke."

"'Healing Hands'!" cried Letty, springing up. "Why, you don't mean to say that Mr. Crossthwaite is your lodger?"

"That's 'is name, miss. A fine up-standing gentleman with a reddish beard."

"Tall and broad-shouldered and with a tawny beard?" asked Letty, with growing excitement. "Why, that's the gentleman who helped me with my bag!" She sat down again almost as if she had received a shock. "He told me a great deal about the neighborhood, but I had no idea he lived *here*. How could I guess it? Mrs. Twist, you don't mean to say that was Owen Crossthwaite? If I had only known. But if I had known, I certainly should not have chattered to him as I did. Fancy, I talked away to him just as if he were anybody else."

"Lor, miss, did you? But I 'ave 'eard folks before—there's Mrs. Mannerings, who comes down here in the summer—say as 'ow his books aren't proper. I can't say for myself, because you see, on Sunday afternoons—"

"I can quite believe that your Mrs.

Mannerings don't think them proper," replied Letty with scorn. "Proper indeed! Why should he want to be proper? No, truly, he is not proper. If people want a conventional prophesying of smooth things, they must not go to Owen Crossthwaite for it."

"Yes, that was just what Mrs. Mannerings said, and sorry enough I was to hear it," said Mrs. Twist, shaking her head. "Well, miss, I'm glad as you've enjoyed your tea, and I 'opes as 'ow Mr. Crossthwaite won't ill-convenience you."

"If I had known, I don't think I should have dared to come," said Letty to herself. She had sunk back in the chair and seemed lost in her own thoughts.

* * * * *

A couple of hours later Mrs. Twist was clearing away Mr. Crossthwaite's dinner. His room was of the same size as Letty's, but the arrangement offered some striking points of difference. All the glass and china ornaments belonging to it had been crowded together on a high deal shelf. The chair-backs were bare of covering, but about half-a-dozen of Mrs. Twist's cherished antimacassars lay rolled together in a ball in a corner of the room.

Mrs. Twist seemed, from her manner, to have a grievance on her mind. She had sighed ostentatiously in placing the dishes before her lodger, and was now removing them with an injured air. Mr. Crossthwaite did not speak, however, and she found it impossible to hold out in the course of dignified silence that she had meant should be his rebuke.

"So you've seen our new young lady lodger, sir?" she began.

"If she was the lady I met at the station, yes," answered Owen, who had taken his easy chair and his pipe. "You must look after her, Mrs. Twist. She wants good country air and good country food, and she's come to the right shop for both, hasn't she?"

"There's no one as I knows on," returned Mrs. Twist with conscious pride, "as has anything to complain of against my cooking. Though," returning to her grievance, and speaking with some severity, "when people leave their dinners to burn to cinders before your very eyes, like as you 'ave to-night, sir, of course—"

"The doctors have found out that there is nothing like cinders for the digestion, Mrs. Twist."

"That's what you says, sir, just to pass it off," said Mrs. Twist with acumen. Then, with a remembrance of happier things, "And the last lodger never once in all the time—"

"Come, Mrs. Twist," said Owen, in the tone she found so irresistible, "in spite of my bad ways, you know, I'm the favorite of all your lodgers; you've owned as much."

"Never, sir; I never said so," returned Mrs. Twist hastily, afraid lest he might take advantage of her conscious weakness. "Of course I'm not denying as I've 'ad things to put up with from you as I wouldn't a stood from every one. And there'll be Miss Allen's meals to see to now!"

"That young woman needs feeding up, Mrs. Twist. After all, in many of the ills of life, it is not 'Ealing 'Ands so much as viands that one needs."

"Oh, you need not say 'young wom-an,' sir, for she's a perfect lady."

"And how do you know that?" asked Owen with an amused smile.

"A body can't live to my age without knowing the difference," answered Mrs. Twist confidently. "She is dressed plain enough, and she talks nearly as free as you do, Mr. Crossthwaite, but she's a lady."

"Well, try and put some color in her cheeks. If she hasn't put on weight in a month's time, I should give her notice if I were you, for she won't be doing you credit."

"Perhap's she won't be here in a

month's time," said Mrs. Twist, with the air of one possessing secret information.

"Why not? What do you mean?"

"She may wish to change," Mrs. Twist hinted darkly, adding, with a burst of communicativeness, "she said as 'ow she couldn't abide a fellow-lodger, sir."

"That's unfortunate," said Owen ironically.

"She said as 'ow the thought of some one in the room opposite fair drove her mad, so as she couldn't answer for what she might do. And she said—but there, I don't want to make you nervous like, and though you've got an old fiddle, you don't often play upon it; and of course, if it came to that, there's my 'usband in the 'ouse."

"She didn't seem so unsociable, when I carried her bag to the carrier's cart," said Owen. "She was what you might have termed pleasant-spoke."

Mrs. Twist's face still wore the expression of one who conceals information vital to the point. "No, sir," she said.

"Of course I allow that she did not know I was her fellow-lodger."

"She didn't know as 'ow you was Mr. Crossthwaite," said Mrs. Twist, unable to keep silence; "that's more like it."

"Mrs. Twist, Mrs. Twist, now I've caught you," said Owen, shaking his finger at her. "You've been showing 'Ealing 'Ands' to this young lady, that's what you've been doing."

"No, sir, that I 'aven't," said Mrs. Twist earnestly. "I am not one of those to deceive you, sir, and after what Mrs. Mannering said, I took and slipped it behind 'Pilgrim' on the shelf."

"So Miss Allen disapproves of my writings as thoroughly as Mrs. Mannering?" said Owen with an air of mild enjoyment.

"Indeed she does, sir. 'Proper, Mrs. Twist,' she said to me; 'why, Mr. Cross-

thwaite don't know what proper means.' Them was her words, sir." Mrs. Twist declared with an air of having, morally speaking, kissed the Book.

"It's all of a piece with the rest," said Owen, beginning to get angry. "A chit of a girl passes hasty judgment in half an hour on what it has taken the best years of a man's life to work out."

"Oh I don't suppose as she had *read* it, sir," said Mrs. Twist, as if a little shocked at the idea; "'twas what she had 'eard tell over it."

Owen laughed savagely. "After all, I don't care a snap of the fingers what this silly girl or any other ignorant person, says. What I really wanted, Mrs. Twist," he went on, changing his tone, "was *your* opinion, and you've never given it to me yet."

"Well, I get *that* sleepy over it on Sunday afternoons," she said apologetically. "But Miss Allen, she said, 'If I'd a known it was Mr. Crossthwaite at the station, Mrs. Twist, I wouldn't a spoke to 'im, no not if it was ever so.'"

"Christian and tolerant!"

"That's what I said to my 'usband, sir. 'Tain't Christian,' I says, 'to speak so of a gentleman as has lived here eighteen months, and no one has had a word against.' But there, sir, she lets her tongue run away with her, though she don't mean no 'arm. 'If I'd a known as he lodged with you, Mrs. Twist,' she says—meaning you, sir—'I wouldn't a set foot in this 'ouse, for I shouln't a dared.' Them was her words, sir."

Owen laughed. "Well, there is no need for her to speak to me again. After this, you'll be giving me notice soon," he said jocularly.

"Oh, no, sir," replied Mrs. Twist in solemn earnest. "I 'opes I knows my dooty better. If one of two goes, it'll be her; and so I told Twist. Though it went to my heart to hear her speak like she did of my cake this evening.

Ah, we don't know 'ere all they has to put up with in London."

"But remember it drives her fair mad to think of me in the room opposite."

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Twist wore her air of self-restraint. "And wuss than that, if the truth was known. Much wuss than what I've told you, sir."

Owen was annoyed that he had allowed his temper to be ruffled. He piqued himself on his capacity for extracting amusement from any display of ignorant prejudice, and he told himself that it was ridiculous to be irritated by the views of a silly girl. Then he recalled their meeting at the station, her attractive manner, and the charming mixture of shyness and confidence with which she had accepted his help with her bag. It had amused him to watch how she had striven to be dignified, and how her excitement and delighted pleasure had overcome her efforts after reserve. She had seemed fresh and unspoiled, and her frank delight in the country he loved had gone to his heart. He would never have guessed her conceited and self-opinionated; she had looked like some one who ought to be taken care of. It was curious, he thought, what a wrong impression one might get of a person. His thoughts were recalled to Mrs. Twist, by noticing that good lady laboriously bending down to unroll one of the antimacassars from the heap in the corner. His hand came down with a sudden bang on the corner of the table within his reach. "Mrs. Twist," he called out sternly.

Mrs. Twist gave a start. "Lor, sir, you did make me jump!"

"Mrs. Twist, you are violating the unspoken compact between us. Every day I roll the antimacassars into a ball, and throw them into the corner; every morning you smooth them out and replace them on the chairs. Mrs. Twist, your moment has not yet come.

I once thought that a hint might be conveyed as emphatically by action as by words; but after eighteen months of struggle I confess I am disposed to modify my views. You may one day claim victory, but for the present, this encroachment I resist to the death."

"You do talk up a pack of nonsense, sir. 'Tisn't as I begrudge the time ironing them out. Of course with the chiny, and you sayin' as 'ow you might break them all if you was writing anythink like portry, it was different, so I let Twist make a shelf and put them up out of harm's way. But, as I says, if what you *writes* ain't proper, no one can say but what I've wished to keep your rooms genteel."

PART II.

One Saturday afternoon, Letty sat in the little arbor behind the currant-bushes at the end of the fruit garden, with her work-basket and some sewing and a book beside her. Peeping round, she could just see Mr. Crossthwaite sitting on the bench outside the front door smoking.

She had not exchanged a word with him, except to say "Good morning" or "Good evening" since the day of her arrival; and any sense of pleasure she may have felt in the thought that she was fellow-lodger of the writer she had so greatly admired, had long since disappeared. Instead of pleasure, there had been constant little annoyances. If they met now at the station, they walked home by different ways; and each was careful not to be in the garden at the same time as the other. Mrs. Twist was the bearer of constant complaints to Letty from Mr. Crossthwaite on trivial subjects, and the poor woman seemed quite alarmed that she would lose him as a lodger. The last protest had been that he could make no progress with his writing while she persisted in singing in the evening. Letty

had been careful not to sing long at a time lest she might interrupt his work, and he had not complained of the disturbance before. The piano had been a great attraction when she took the room, but now she decided regretfully that she must give up using it, for Mr. Crossthwaite's writing was much too important to be stopped merely for her pleasure. If he had sent her a proper message she would not have minded in the least, but it was abominably rude of him, she thought, to speak as he did to Mrs. Twist. It was really astonishing, she reflected, that a man who could write as sympathetically as Owen Crossthwaite, should care so little for other people's feelings. He had not seemed a bit disagreeable, either, that day at the station. It was always disappointing, she had heard, to know a writer personally when one admired his books.

Letty sat idle; the tiresome piece of sewing was finished, and she wanted to read and enjoy herself. It was just in keeping with his usual aggravatingness, she thought, that Mr. Crossthwaite should have planted himself by the front door when she was waiting to go into the house. She had brought the wrong book by mistake, and now was most anxious to go indoors and change it.

"But I won't pass him," she had resolved. "I have managed to avoid interchanging a word with him for the last few days, and I am not going to begin now, when he has been so rude about my singing. He might have had the tact not to place himself there." She flushed with annoyance as she remembered that a day or two ago she had sat down without thinking on a bench just outside his room, and that he had come at once and closed the window.

Owen Crossthwaite betrayed no inclination to move; he smoked on in blissful unconsciousness that he was in

anybody's way. Letty grew very impatient."

"I don't see, after all, why my afternoon is to be spoiled," she said to herself, "because he won't move. I needn't be *afraid* of him because he has shown himself a bear. I'm not afraid, and I *will* pass him and go indoors." She picked up her things and walked quickly towards the house.

As she approached him, Mr. Crossthwaite gravely raised his hat. "Good afternoon," he said, without getting up.

"Good afternoon," echoed Letty, with cool dignity.

At this moment, unfortunately, a straggling rose branch caught her arm, and her work-basket fell, scattering its contents all over the path. Mr. Crossthwaite rose to help collect them.

"Oh dear!" cried Letty in confusion, her dignity giving way under the stress of adversity. "How stupid of me! I am so sorry."

"I don't think anything will be damaged," returned Owen, with grave solemnity.

"Oh no, of course not. Only," stammered Letty, growing still more confused, "I mean I am giving you so much trouble."

"Not at all," answered Owen, without enthusiasm.

"I am so sorry," said Letty feebly, making another dive for a reel of cotton. As she stooped, the book she had been holding slipped from her hand. Owen Crossthwaite bent down and picked it up. He was in the act of presenting it with his air of polite boredom, when he perceived it to be the last published volume of his verses.

"What on earth made you get this to read?" he asked quickly.

"I suppose I may read what I like," said Letty defiantly, but feeling as if she had been caught in a crime.

"Miss Allen, take my advice, and if you don't like a man's novels, if you find them uncongenial, avoid his poetry. It's

pure waste of time and bad for the temper."

"I don't know why you should assume that your novels are necessarily uncongenial to me," said Letty with dignity.

"I thought you were rather shocked at one of my books."

"I can't imagine why you should say that, when you can have no means of guessing what I thought about it. I suppose, really, you assume," she added in an aggrieved tone, "that anything you wrote would naturally be out of my depth."

"That's not fair. You know very well the book *did* shock you. And you are in excellent company in your disapproval. As Mrs. Twist will tell you, Mrs. Mannering—"

"How is it possible for you to know whether I was shocked or not?"

"But I do know," said Owen, smiling. "You said I hadn't the most rudimentary notion of propriety, or words to that effect."

"I never said anything of the kind," said Letty. "Why! How utterly ridiculous!"

Then she hesitated for a moment and picked a rose, which, in her absent-mindedness, she carefully stuffed into her work-basket. "Mr. Crossthwaite," she said, after a moment's pause, "if I had not known—I mean if I had read your books without—that is if I had not seen—Dear me, how very involved I am becoming! I suppose it's through living with Mrs. Twist. What I was trying to say was, that—long ago, you know—I thought I should like, one day, to tell you what help 'Healing Hands' had been to me in a rather difficult time. But of course—"

"Of course the fact that we are both under Mrs. Twist's hospitable roof, and that we have met once or twice upon the stairs, would naturally make you wish to deprive me of the pleasure of hearing this?"

Letty did not answer, but held out her hand for the book.

"Well," he said, "I was aware that you held somewhat severe views about fellow-lodgers in general, and me in particular."

Then Letty rushed into the very subject which she had resolved nothing should induce her to open. "As you have mentioned our being fellow-lodgers," she said, "I should like to say that I am sorry that my singing should have annoyed you. If you had sent a message to me before—"

"Your singing annoyed me!" exclaimed Owen in a tone of genuine amazement. "If I had sent a message to you! To stop you, do you mean? If I had had the hardihood to send you any message, it would have been to ask you why you had deprived us of our songs for the last few nights."

"Mrs. Twist said you couldn't write while I sang, and that she quite expected you would leave her."

"The idiot! I daresay I did say that I stopped my writing—to listen, you know."

There had evidently been some mistake, and Letty could not help smiling. "Mrs. Twist implied that you had to sit up to all hours to make good the wasted time."

"My late hours have always been a sore point with her. I am afraid I have got into the habit of talking a good deal of nonsense to the excellent woman, which it seems she translates into a sense of her own. I used to keep my door open when you sang till you complained of the tobacco smoke."

"I complained?" said Letty indignantly. "What nonsense!"

"I assure you I was afraid to leave my door open for a moment. Even outside, I was given to understand, you found the scent of the roses overpowered by that of the tobacco through my window."

"But it's absurd, Mr. Crossthwaite."

"Well, you see, the good Mrs. Twist hates smoke, and probably she transferred her feelings to you." He handed the book of poems to Letty, and she took it from him, evidently deep in thought.

"Then, perhaps," she said, as if to herself, "perhaps Mrs. Twist was mistaken also, when she said you hadn't thought that I was quite—" She stopped abruptly.

"Said I hadn't thought what?" asked Owen with horror.

"Oh, nothing."

"Good Lord!"

"According to Mrs. Twist," said Letty, with keen enjoyment of his confusion, "she invariably spoke up for me."

"Yet you distressed her. She always believed that you were on the point of giving her notice."

"Why, it was you who were continually begging her to get rid of me within the month. She told me herself that when I first came, you suggested that she should give me a month's notice to quit."

"Mrs. Twist is possessed of a hitherto unsuspected liveliness of imagination. No," he repeated decidedly; "it was you who were constantly intending to go."

"Why?" asked Letty with a blush.

"Because of your harsh views of me as a fellow-lodger—your opinion of 'Ealing 'Ands,' for instance."

"But, Mr. Crossthwaite, do tell me when I could have expressed my views?"

"You said, you remember," said Owen, with an air of great candor, "that you would not have taken these rooms if you had known that I was in the same house; that you would not have spoken to me at the station had you known who I was; not, if I recollect rightly, if it was ever so."

"Mrs. Twist once more," said Letty, blushing again. "I might not have talked to you quite as I did, it is true."

A November Sunset.

I was wild with delight at coming into the country, and I was afraid afterwards that I had been chattering a good deal. If I had known who it was I don't think I should have dared."

"How it prejudices a man, with you and Mrs. Mannerling, to be known as the author of '*Ealing 'Ands*,'" said Owen, with a sigh.

All this time the two had been standing before the front door, Letty holding her book, work and recovered basket. It was plain the interview could not be indefinitely prolonged, and Owen looked round for assistance. His eye fell on the collie basking in the sun.

"Poor old Jock," he said, "he is longing for a swim. If you had not discovered my guilty secret, Miss Allen, I should have asked you to come with me and give him a swim in the big pond. Do you think you could brave the awful knowledge?"

"Oh, yes," said Letty, putting down her things on the seat. "It's a shame he should miss his bath on such a lovely day. He has been teasing me all the afternoon to take him, but I was hard-hearted and refused."

"And you are not going to be hard-hearted any longer," said Owen as they walked towards the meadow together.

Temple Bar.

Twist, who was working in the garden, turned to look after them, and gave a jerk of his thumb in their direction after they had passed.

"Seems to me," he said to Mrs. Twist, who had come out with a basket for some currants, "as if they two might make a match of it some day. 'Twould be mighty convaynient if they did."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Twist, gazing after the retreating figures in amazement. "Walking together as peaceable and as mild as two lambs! And to think the work as I've had to keep the peace between them all this time! And first this one and then that one, nearly giving me notice along of the other. 'A chit of a girl, Mrs. Twist, a giving of herself such airs,' says he. 'I wouldn't touch 'is blessed books, Mrs. Twist, with a pair of tongs, not if you was to crown me,' says she. And lor! the to-do we had about her singing! And walking along now as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths!" she cried, with some natural indignation at so glaring an example of inconsistency. "You're about right *this* time, Twist. There'll be a wedding one of these fine days, but 'ow we shall keep them from falling out afterwards, it fair beats me to think of."

Emily Cox.

A NOVEMBER SUNSET.

The windswept sky is bright with flecks of gold,
Like sheep with shining fleeces all ablow,—
That swiftly pass in soft and huddled row
Adown the sunset spaces clear and cold.
Whence do they speed, and where the Jason bold,
And Argonauts who voyaged long ago?—
What Ares grove awaits them far below
The dim horizon which our eyes behold?
For us the sun sinks southward of the west,
The level light fades from the chill green fields.
Yon half grown moon, "without nor haste nor rest,"
High in the heaven her mild effulgence yields,—
And with her silver beams and kindly ray,
Illumes the narrowing November day.

C. D. W.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ITALY.

Almost everything that was written a generation ago of Italian life in general may be looked on as ancient history, for hardly a single fact recorded at that time would apply to the conditions to-day. The prince, the patrician, the priest and the peasant are now, as then, with an occasional excursion into the land of the artist or the anarchist, the favorite subjects of writers and travellers, while of the great middle-class which sprang into being with the fall of the Temporal Power, little is said and less is known, although it is in their hands that the future of the country lies.

Before 1870 a Doria, a Borghese, or the head of any other great House, would have looked askance at the idea that any member of his family should take to wife an alien either in blood or religion. An alliance might be contracted with some old French or Austrian family, though it was rare; but of non-Catholic brides there were none. Now nearly half the coronets of Rome are, or will shortly be, worn by American heiresses, of whom few, if any, were Romanists at the time of their betrothal. An American wife or an American mother in the house means that the days spent in Paris or in London will be many, and that when country air or sea breezes are desired, they will be sought on the Riviera and not in the crag-perched castles of Perugia or the sunny stretches of Lombardy. Even had these numerous intermarriages not taken place, it is probable that the results would have been the same; for the wave of speculation that has of late years swept the peninsula from the Cottian Alps to Cape Passaro, the emigration which has sent Italy's best

blood across the ocean, the conscription which has transferred the Pisan vine-grower to the scoria-covered plains round Mount Etna, and the terrible taxation which has turned the brilliant smile of Italy into a scowl, seem to have raised barriers between prince and peasant which can never be lowered, and killed the old kindly feeling which formed the main link of the chain that bound the landed proprietor to his estate.

Mr. Marion Crawford, in his tales of Italian life, has too frequently and too brilliantly described the speculation-mania for any other writer to need give it more than a passing remark. Unscrupulous financiers, seeing in the unbusinesslike sons of the Italian aristocracy an easy prey, fired their vivid imaginations by pictures of what those of their own rank and tastes had done in other lands. Building was the favorite form which this speculation took, and vying in number and extent with classic remains, one saw for years new ruins all over Rome, streets and courts laid out with walls rising only a few feet from their foundations. These are gradually being transformed into the hotels which would already suffice to lodge the whole of travelling Europe, and public offices which would seem able to provide a room a-piece for each official, even if the latter numbered one out of two, instead of one out of four, of the educated portion of the community.

One of the crudest blows aimed at the pride and the exclusiveness of the Italian nobles was that which threw their principal palaces, with their wealth of pictures and statuary, open to the public. It was a desecration of the domestic hearth of which the reason is almost incomprehensible; and, more-

over, it missed its mark, for an Italian rarely crosses the portals in question, and it is the English tourist and the German student who almost alone benefit by the measure. The result has been that the older families either abstain from living in the cities at all, or that, when there, they shut themselves up in a corner of their own palaces, or that, leaving the principal family residence to the stranger and the custodian of the family treasures, they migrate to some other residence which was formerly allotted to the use of a younger branch of the House. Their interest in their possessions naturally fades under these conditions, and they would gladly accept the offers of foreigners to purchase them. Here, too, however, the Government steps in. No work of art must be removed from the country without an official permission, and as this is rarely or never given, and as no foreigner who buys a picture thinks of leaving it in the country, the bargain remains unconcluded. The head of one great princely House, who was in great pecuniary straits, recently promised the Government £20,000 on condition that he was allowed to accept the offer of £100,000 for his pictures and statuary from an art-collector. The Government refused, and things would have looked bad but for the appearance of a beautiful young girl whose dowry was as large as her love of art was keen, and who saved the situation by accepting the hand and heart of the troubled prince, and thereby saved his picture-galleries at the same time.

Music, however, is the only art which seems to appeal to any great degree to the modern Italian. In painting his interest, always of course with exceptions, is slight, and in literature it would seem to be almost non-existent. Literary criticism is the last thing you would look for in an Italian newspaper. The works on travel and science are often good, but are read little save

by travellers and men of science; expositions on the disinterred treasures of the country find but a very small audience; the popular fiction is chiefly French with a sprinkling of English, while the splendid old libraries which exist here and there seem to contain no books to read. There are glorious missals from the Middle Ages, black-lettered volumes, palimpsests quaint and curious, manuscripts in multitudes, and scrolls enclosed in cylinders which would make a bibliopolist die of envy. The courtly owner of the collection will take these out with evident pride and submit them to your inspection; but he would not think of reading them, and his astonishment is extreme when you express a wish to stay a while in the library for that purpose. The exceptions to this rule would be found to be those who had travelled much in youth, or who had been educated by an abnormal English tutor, one who had not, as is their wont, contented himself with teaching his pupils merely to speak his language with facility, and to write a casual note with ease and elegance. The Italians of the upper class are, as a rule, excellent linguists, and, as they themselves say, they "can even make English sometimes." "French, Spanish, Russian, that is easy," they will add; "but English—" and then, with a graceful shrug of the shoulders and a deprecating play of the hands that removes all touch of courtesy from their speech, they go on to explain that they are constrained at least to attempt to study English as, "So many of you come to our country now, and when you speak our language, ah, how it flays our ears!"

Fencing, hunting and pigeon-shooting are the favorite sports of the Italians of the upper class, while gambling is their besetting sin. With the foils they are almost unrivalled, though their system differs from that of other countries, and a regrettable consequence of this

proficiency is that duels, from the most trivial of causes, which often end fatally, are frequent. A challenge to some member of a foreign Embassy was at one time a common occurrence, but as many of the corps have followed the example of the British Government and declared that any man who fights a duel must leave the Diplomatic Service, these challenges have practically ceased. Excellent fencers as are the Italians, if they ride at all, they are still better horsemen. When Buffalo Bill took his cowboys to Rome some ten years ago, a bevy of gentlemen from the north challenged him and his to mount their untrained ponies. "If the ponies can be ridden," was the answer, "we can ride them;" but when the contest came off it was adjudged that the Italians had not lost their wager.

The Roman hunt is a popular feature of life on the Tiber, though far less so than before 1870, partly on account of the influx of foreigners and partly because the Court and Clerical factions refuse to mingle in any form of amusement; and the horses which the Duke of the Abruzzi and his staff bring over from Ireland each year, turn their heads on landing to the cavalry barracks and not to the Campagna, as was once the case. The young exquisites of Rome, Turin and the rest invariably spend three or four afternoons in the week in pigeon-shooting, while on their own estates they indulge in the same recreation in a more exciting form.

It may be remarked incidentally that the Italian officers are among the best educated men in Europe. There is a precision, and at the same time a breadth about their mode of study that proves them to represent the best order of the Italian mind, which is eminently scientific, and has a predilection for all the exact sciences. Exaggerated as the statement may seem, the upper class in Italy makes each of its sons an

officer in the army or the navy. Conscription in any case compels them to enter it for a time, and the fact that the military profession is the only one open to him, constrains every young man of energy and ambition to remain in it. The Diplomatic Service accounts for a few, the care of their own landed estates for others, but the rest must be either soldiers or idlers. The law is not considered suited to the dignity of a gentleman, still less is the medical profession; and it is a fact which is not to the credit of the country that a doctor and his family are not considered eligible for presentation at the Italian Court, although it was a medical man who, to the end of his life, was the most valued friend of King Humbert.

Until 1870 any family which had three or more sons dedicated one among them to the Church, either as monk or priest, and writers of the time describe the priest who was a man of good family as the most polished gentleman and most intellectual companion in the country. Now, however, the restrictions on the clergy are so many that the Italian sees little to compensate his son for enforced celibacy and separation from the world, while the Abolition Act will generally force the young monk to seek a monastery abroad. The income, too, is a difficulty, as the priest is barred from earning money on his own account, and remunerative offices in the Church have ceased to exist, while the difficulty of providing for younger sons increases every year. An exception to this remark must be made in the case of the Jesuits, who continue to be one of the wealthiest sections in the community, especially since the holy fathers have engaged in commercial investments; mines, banking-houses and lines of steamers are all directions to which they have turned their attention successfully, and it is rarely that a young man of parts fails to find a career open

to him when he leaves that powerful institution, the Jesuit College in Rome.

The fact that the nobility, the professional and the commercial classes have ceased to dedicate their sons to the priesthood, brings one face to face with the same problem which exists nearer home. From a practical point of view, and as regards daily existence, the fact that the priest should be the son of a peasant answers very well. A sum of money was paid over with him when he was placed in the hands of the Church. His needs are few, for he is still a peasant, and are supplied by the gifts of fruit, oil and corn from his flock, the surplus going to provide his other simple wants. The costs of his education at the local seminary are small; when he becomes a priest he lives rent-free, and there is always some old woman in the village who will gladly perform the duties of housekeeper in return for the shelter of his roof. He will generally undertake the cultivation of his garden himself, possibly that of a vineyard or olive-orchard as well, and for the rougher work he can always count on assistance, while he has the satisfaction of knowing that, even from a temporal point of view, he at least does as much for those around him as they do for him. Shrewd, prudent, and both by training and inculcation by no means devoid of worldly wisdom, he has a chance of becoming a man of mark in the village. He chooses the name of the little son before he is carried to the font, and arranges the marriage of the comely daughter of the house. He makes up the accounts for the steward, and corresponds with the emigration agent as to sending one of the lithe and active young sons to the Argentine Republic. He settles the dispute that was ravaging the lives of Antonio and Antonino, and probably prevents one or both of these impetuous and hot-blooded members of his flock from going to the galleys. In a word,

he is indispensable, and the question if it be advisable that the guide and preceptor of the *commune* should be of the same intellectual and social status as the people themselves, need not be answered here.

The direct result of over-taxation in Italy is emigration. The cream of the nation flows across the ocean as unceasingly here as it does with ourselves, though the cause is widely different. Brazil, the Argentine and the Southern States of North America, are the favorite goals, and there is a colony of Italians thirty thousand strong in New Orleans alone, while it is said that between four and five thousand emigrants will leave Sicily in one year after a bad harvest and, incredible as it may seem, some of the Veloce boats from Genoa will take over two thousand at a time. For the most part they cross in steamers or in the orange-boats which file out in quick succession throughout the season of the fruit. Unless in the case of criminals flying from the law, there are few cases of stowaways, for the Italian, as energetic in the present day as his fathers, the *lazzaroni*, were indolent, expects to have to work his way through life and does it. He is a fair sailor, quick at the ropes, and manages to steer vessels across the Atlantic that an Englishman would say could hardly live a day beyond port. The fruit trade with America doubles itself every few years, and there are few families of Southern Italy who have not seen one of their members depart for the Western Hemisphere; and sail when he will, the skipper need never fear to be without unpaid labor for his transit in the form of the active, cheery, brown-limbed sons of the South.

But though the Italian of the lower order loves to wander, he loves still more to return home, and many of them hold it a crime to spend their earnings elsewhere than in their own country. They work incessantly, they

live sparingly; and then if their venture has taken the form of monkeys and chestnuts, they tramp back to Italy, barrel-organ or cooking-stove on shoulder, that more money may be made on the way. If the further side of the ocean were the original goal, they return as they came, either in the steerage or the engine-room. Arrived at home, they will buy a share in a vineyard or an olive orchard, greet their family all round, and probably set out again a few months later, accompanied by the young son or brother, who has shot up from a child to a tall stripling, with a pair of useful hands, since the traveller left him.

If things have gone very badly in the old country, some *Aeneas* will take his whole family with him, the infant in its swaddling-bands and at times the great grandfather on his crutches, for the Italian is nothing if not patriarchal and he would rightly judge it as great a crime to leave one of the old sorrowing in loneliness behind, as to strike his stiletto into the breast of the stranger who has no claim upon him. Stabbing, however, it may be remarked in parenthesis, is no longer such a favorite form of expression of disapproval as was formerly the case; a young Neapolitan sailor once hit the mark when he said to me, "It is not respectable any more." That was a healthy exposition of public opinion. Assassination is no longer respectable, therefore all but the dregs of the population allow the dagger to remain in the girdle. It will not be in this generation or the next, however, that the said dagger will ever be left at home; the hand and the hilt have been wedded too long for a divorce to be lightly accepted.

To return to the emigrant. It is not only the *contadino* on the orange-boat who goes now to the other side. The middle class has its merchants, its manufacturers and its ship-owners there; and each decade the sons

and nephews of these successful traders appear more content than the last to remain permanently in their adopted country, looking on Italy as a land to visit or to talk of only. There is an ebb in the tide of emigration occasionally, as when that savage and senseless revenge was enacted on the Italian colony of New Orleans after the assassination of Mr. Hennessy in 1891, or after some unusually acute financial crisis in Brazil or the Argentine; but those things right themselves in time, and the stream flows only the more steadily the following season in consequence of the break in the last.

In justice to Italy it must be said that the perpetrators of those terrible crimes which have of late paralyzed the civilized world, must be by no means taken as representative even of the dregs of the Peninsula. Italian law has done more to stamp out crime in the last thirty years than has that of any other country, and it is in consequence of its fierce pursuit that the malefactor strives so earnestly to set the sea between himself and the disturbers of his peace. But here again he is in a dilemma, for nowhere is the guardian of the law so vigilant as at the port. A passport and a clean police sheet are demanded from each one who leaves it; his destination and his plan for future maintenance are ascertained before he may cross the gangway. Well would it be for our own country if a scrutiny as careful were exercised over those wanderers who propose to spend the remainder of their too often tainted existence on our shores.

Here and there the supple form of a malefactor, assisted by some Camorrist for whose help heavy fees must be paid, will insert itself among the cargo, trusting for sustenance to the kindness of some compatriot among the passengers; but the members of the *Mala Vita* who trouble the New World with their presence are, according to police-

records, far smaller in number than is generally supposed. As to the general diminution of crime in the Peninsula, it is satisfactory to note that from 1879 to 1889 the murders were 3,291; in the next decade they sank to 2,611; and the decrease from that date onward has been steadily maintained. The *ergastolo*, or solitary confinement on some sea-bound rock, which now punishes murder and incendiarism, is a fate dreaded far more than death by the Italian, and his soul shrinks from the idea of seven years' confinement in a solitary cell, followed by a life of silence, the hours of work being the only time in which he may turn his eyes even on the faces of his fellow-sufferers.

Congscription has indirectly given a great impetus to emigration. It is not that the subject is allowed by its means to avoid his military training, for even the criminal is less rigidly pursued than he who would avoid his service in the ranks, but that the stride which takes him beyond the village having once been made, the awe and fear with which ignorance hitherto regarded the outer world is dissipated, his curiosity is excited, his ambitions roused, and any opportunity of extending the knowledge of the outer world and improving the circumstances is seized. Conscription is in many ways a boon in disguise, and has done more than anything to palliate the failings of the Italians. Regularity, punctuality, obedience and self-control are all attributes in which he is by nature eminently lacking; his lapses in these directions are corrected by military training, his physique and his health are improved, and he is sent back home in every way a better man than when he came. He must learn, moreover, to read and write; and if his education has been so far accomplished in his village *comune*, he has an opportunity of extending his studies, as great encouragement

is given by the officers to those who are able to join the advanced classes.

The old days when a living could be made by lying at full length on the quays below Saint Elmo, waiting for the *soldi* which rained down all the year round are gone forever, and the lament of no romancist and no versifier can bring them back. The Italian is none the worse off because he has learned to work, because he has learned to think, and because he will in the future learn how to pay his taxes (modified as it is to be hoped they will be ere long) and yet retain enough of his wage to enable him to live with more comfort and ease than he does now. The modern Italian respects the law, fears the law and appreciates the peace which he enjoys under the law, none of which statements could have been made when he was under the sway of either Pope or Bourbon.

When shorn of the glamor lent by romance, the career of the modern brigand and his brother of the city, the Camorrist, will be found to be sordid in the extreme. Each age has its own outlaw, and fifty years ago the ranks of the banditti often included cadets of many of the leading families of the Peninsula. To offend the Church was then easy; the arm of the Papal authorities was long; and to take to the hills was often a necessity for the headstrong youth who was too proud or too wilful to accept the pardon which was offered under conditions that he judged too hard. He may have criticized some prince of the Church too freely, or he may have carried off as his bride some young girl destined for the cloister. He may only have omitted to make his confession at the seasons prescribed by the Church; before 1870 the strong arm of the muscular monk would make itself felt by those rebel sons among the lower orders who were inclined to forget the way to the confessional, while the pressure of another kind, which

:was brought to bear on a patrician mutineer was as great. Any of these misdemeanors would make him a bad son of the Church, and did he not duly repent and make atonement, he might be constrained to fly to the hills for safety.

Refugees from the tyranny of the State also were numerous. The eye of justice does not always see clear, and to know that some innocent man has been condemned makes one chary of submitting one's own fate to the same tribunal; while Austrian Archduke and Bourbon Prince, alien rulers in an unfriendly land, could not afford to enquire too closely into the guilt of a prisoner who had long been known as restless and reactionary. Sometimes a good-natured ruler would give orders that the culprit, if in flight, should not be pursued too closely. It was a pity such a fine young fellow should go to the galleys; his House was powerful, too, and might give trouble. Let him go to the hills, where he would inconvenience no one; a brigand more or less made little odds. Once with the banditti no return to civilized life was possible; his comrades on the one side, and the law on the other, would see to that. Like must to like, and be sure if one gallant young spirit, who had sinned, perhaps through the exuberance of youth only, was missing from his place his brother or friend would not rest until he had gained speech with him in some dark nook beyond the city wall. Then the desire of the one to retain some vestige of his old life, and the desire of the other to learn more of the wild free existence of the hills, would often result in two treading the downward path where only one had stepped before.

The brigand of to-day is little better than a foot-pad, and the Camorrist is somewhat of a cur. If he be a leader, he does his deeds by deputy, saving his own skin for years; and if he be a fol-

lower, he is generally a ruffian to whom a stab more or less is immaterial.

Any sentimental interest one may have had in the association fades when one learns that among the regular acts of retribution in the case of a woman who offends a Camorrist, is that of wounding her in different parts of the face, and painting the scars so that they can never be effaced by time. Another favorite practice is to lurk near the quays and after inveigling some intending emigrant into a neighboring den, to rob him of his passage money or the little store of home-made bread and wine he has brought with him for the voyage. After a few experiences such as these, even the most undisciplined of young Sicilians, with more Arab blood than Latin in his veins, begins to think that there is something in law and order after all. The police too, the Mafia and the Camorra complain, are not what they used to be. They are so clever now that they can always lay hands on the man who writes such legends on the wall as "Death to him who prates, Vengeance on him who points a finger," and the like. They are such good marksmen, too, just as likely to hit you as you make your way among the rocks as you are to hit them; and they always aim at your legs, the cowards, and this means capture; then follow the bickering and jugglery which they call a trial and the *ergastolo*, all in turn. Their manners are so ingratiating too, that they can always find some one weak, needy, or simple enough to play the traitor, knowingly or unknowingly; and that makes it uncomfortable for the rest, for one discovered makes a score suspected, and it takes a good many victims to make up that score. Moreover, they have grown reckless to a degree which is imbecile, considering the warnings they have had. No sooner has one been put out of the way than another, as acute, as impervious to bribery, and as heedless of his life as

the last, springs up. Finally, with a flight to right and left of his expressive fingers, the philosopher decides that in these days honesty is the best policy, and goes off to play *morra* on the quay.

It would not be fitting that any note should be written on Italy during the present year without a personal reference to her murdered King.

The cry of Queen Margherita that the assassination of her husband was the greatest crime of the century, ran little short of the truth. In striking him the miscreant struck the best friend the country had. Humbert made the most of his opportunities, and these were few; he let his possibilities of usefulness be interfered with as little as might be by the limitations of his position, and these were many. He was a good man and a good king; and though it may seem a paradox to say it, had he been a better king he would have done more harm. Italy's most pressing need is a good minister of finance, but no country looks for that upon its throne. Excessive taxation is the tyrant under whose heel Italy crouches; taxation which makes the peasant hide his hens in his cellar that he may now and again eat an egg on which no duty has been paid; which makes the vine-grower of Sorrento watch his wine dry up in its goat-skins because the duty will not let him carry it across the bay to Naples.

The King, generous, impulsive and admittedly stronger of heart than of head, as are so many of his race, brought forward one promising scheme after another for easing the burden of this taxation for his people. His ministers declared each scheme impracticable in turn; but they had no better to propose, and for want of a better, one man out of two in the Peninsula goes through his existence with half of all that means life crushed out of him. The Italian peasant wants little, very little,

but he does not get it; and his King went through his days sorrowing that it was so. Failing to lighten the load of universal misery, Humbert set himself to relieve individual cases, and for a sovereign, even a constitutional sovereign, to see himself thus limited is hard. To desire to remove the mountain and to find your powers hardly suffice for the displacement of the molehill, makes a purgatory of life; and to spend one-half of your day in a palace which you loathe, and the other in helping an ague-stricken goat-herd to drain a stagnant pool or plant a patch with eucalyptus that he may beat off the attacks of the fever-flend, makes your own thraldom hard to bear.

The Cabinet of a modern monarch is always mildly indulgent towards its nominal head, but it is possible that some of Humbert's plans merited more than a word of gentle toleration before being set aside. He who was always in the open when he had the power to leave stone walls behind him, knew his people and their needs as his town-bred councillors never could; but his knowledge availed little, for in Italy the city rules and the country submits, the city sins and the country suffers, the city says that this poverty-stricken realm starved by unnumbered centuries of neglect and oppression, shall brave it with the best of the Great Powers, and the country bows its patient shoulders meekly as it has always bowed them, and adds to its existing burden one which is greater than it can bear.

Who should know the Italians of the lower orders if their King did not? He has spent nights by the side of their couch in the horrible underground dens of Naples in the year of the cholera. He has drawn them gently and kindly, as though his hands were those of a woman, from under the weighed stones and rubble of earthquake-shaken Ischia. He has ridden far and wide over the Campagna to points so distant, and

where the ignorance was so deep, that his very name and standing would be unknown were it not that the ubiquitous recruiting-sergeant, had passed that way and drawn one man forth to learn something of the outer world, while he thrust another back to impart a little of the knowledge he had gleaned during his life in barracks. Again, on his way up to the peaks which he and the chamois alone knew, the King has added a gold piece from his wallet to the payment due for his bowl of milk, that the host might be able to hand in his tax for half a year at least without feeling crippled in every direction

where his simple necessities might turn.

All Humbert's ancestors had done these things; he was only following in the path which heredity marked out, but there his following in the wake of his sires ceased. The Princes of Savoy have always been proud of the fact that they lived with their people, but for them that living meant lying in common round the camp-fire, hunting, feasting, fighting together—all that Humbert would have taken to so kindly had he but lived in an age when constitutional monarchs were unknown.

C. S.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY.

Hush Thee, hush Thee, little Son,
Dearest and divinest One:
Thine are all the untamed herds
That upon the mountain go,
Thine are all the timid birds,
Thine the thunders and the snow.

Cry not so. Husho, my dear!
Thunder shall not come Thee near
While its roar shall frighten Thee.
Mother holds Thee safe and warm;
Thou shalt walk upon the sea
And cry "Peace" unto the storm.

Thou shalt take the souls of men
In Thine hand, as I a wren.
But not yet, not yet, my Son.
Thou art still a babe asleep;
All Thy glories are un-won,
All mine own Thou art to keep.

Some day I shall see Thee stand
King and Lord of every land.
Now I feed Thee at my breast,
And delight to feel Thee near.
Some day—Ah! this time is best.
Hush Thee, hush Thee, Babe most dear!

Nora Hopper.

The Cornhill Magazine.

IN HARDY'S WESSEX.—THE ISLE OF PURBECK.

If the Isle of Portland be thought of as an immense emerald, set in silver, it follows naturally that the mind should conceive of the Isle of Purbeck as a sheet of opal, mounted on a gun-metal disc. Putting aside fanciful analogies, color must remain the dominant element in any memories of that south-eastern spur of Dorset which towers up against the dawns in Ballard Point and Durlston Head. The landward gateway town of this historic district, Wareham, on the map—"Anglebury" in the Wessex Novels, lies, it is true, in a world of green vistas, but around the central town of Corfe Castle, which irreverent tourists rank as a village, the earth is lit for seven months in the year with multi-colored beauty of wild-flowers, and flushed for the whole autumn with the gorgeous hectic of heather. Verily it is good to be alive among the friendly faces of the Purbeck hills! No brocade that the looms of merchant princes ever produced for thrones of Imperial grandeur can be compared with the floor which nature there has laid for the feet of peasant wanderers and the resting places of hares and field-mice are perfumed with a breath of honey-sweet blossoms such as wealth vainly woos to the dwellings of the great. It is not thoughtfulness or unselfishness that has led the principal landowners in the Isle of Purbeck to leave miles of an earthly paradise untilled and unfenced, but the effect of their inaction upon strangers is that of the highest philanthropy. Hour after hour I have paced those lovely solitudes with map and compass, and come no nearer to the desolations of civilization than the sight of a shepherd wearing modern ready-made clothing could bring me. He ought to have been clad in skins, and should have spoken Saxon

pure enough to delight the ears of William Barnes, the sweet singer and learned philologist whose statue at Dorchester atones but little for the lack of that help which might have done so much for him in early manhood. But when the shepherd's lips opened, at least it was good and pure English that came forth, embodying the characteristic Dorset politeness of social intention. So that the allusion of being placed in a different sphere from any inhabited by the City "financier" and the "Unionist" Birmingham politician persisted pleasantly.

The visitor to Corfe Castle ("I mean Corfe Castle's *castle*," as an American lady tourist very properly remarked to her driver, on being set down at Greyhound Hotel) should borrow a copy of Mr. Bond's monograph upon the historic ruin over night, and "get up" the salient points of the long and sanguinary story of the shattered stronghold, which still belongs to the ancient Dorset family of Bankes. For it is ten to one that the mighty mound which juts out in broken masonry to meet the four winds of heaven will be found to be swept by too strong a breeze to allow of maps, or even guide-books, being of use. It seems impossible to decide whether the castle lends more dignity to the hill on which it is placed than it derives from the fact of its position. But there can be no doubt as to the majesty of the whole effect of the castle crowning the hill, as you see it from the town, or indeed from the railway station. An even finer view of the noble ruin may be obtained from the tumulus on the top of the next hill to Corfe Castle, going eastward. To sit upon the short turf there, and to recall the barest outline of the events which have taken place in and about the cas-

tle below, is to go through a superb object-lesson in English history. From the days when the Kelt placed his first earthwork upon the crest of the hill yonder, to the times that saw the proud stronghold of the house of Bankes partially demolished by gunpowder mines which could not wholly wreck its marvellous masonry, that cone of earth was one of the important centres of English social evolution. King John lived on it and loved it; poor Peter of Pomfret left it for a fate that shadows forever the associations of the road to Wareham; Edward II was confined in the very buildings that he had restored upon it; and Lady Bankes won Amazonian fame by defending it against "Roundhead" attack. Sceptical as I am about the utterances of the ordinary English antiquary—who is usually an egregious person of boundless credulity, capable of believing Mr. Chamberlain to be the descendant of "belted earls"—I can cherish no doubts as to the story of Corfe Castle. From the herring-bone masonry of the middle ward to the ruins of La Gloriette there echoes but one clear tale of a dwelling of man which impresses its very fragments upon the observer's mind as almost unique in dignity and interest.

Readers of "The Hand of Ethelberta" will remember that its lovely heroine visited "Coomb Castle" on donkeyback from "Knollsea," and returned thither in the same somewhat childish fashion. "Knollsea" was Swanage, but Swanage is no longer "a sea-side village lying snug within two headlands, as between a finger and thumb." The place has become a fairly large, if still simple and honest, Dorset town, not differing much from other towns save in its stone-built houses, and their order of clambering up the hill-side. It is still the best place in England for any

one who wishes to do nothing, in pure air, upon a summer's day. Studland, on the other hand, strikes one as essentially a village to do work in, and several artists have already found their way over the hills and vanished amid its green trees into impoverished studios. The red cliff on its shore is very curious, and must have been beautiful until the children of a London professional man cut their names in gigantic letters all over it. Lulworth Cove is the "bit" of the Isle of Purbeck which is raved about by compilers of guidebooks and other wiseacres, but it is not to be compared with Church Hope Cove in Portland. On the other hand, the country around Lulworth Castle and Encombe is well worthy the attention of sure-footed pedestrians, who should be careful to carry sandwiches, or some provision against the hunger that Dorset "miles" of walking induce. If the bull may be allowed, one of the prettiest walks in the Isle of Purbeck is the walk out of it, if you make Wool Station the objective. I have never found a better list of botanical treasure in an English day's walking than I discovered written in rare petals along the road to Wool. There was one St. John's Wort that cannot be seen by me without a sigh for the vanished youth in which it first made a certain young enthusiast's pulses leap. And at the end of the long day's steady tramp there came the pleasure and interest of a lingering inspection of the almost perfect beauty of that house of the Welds to which Angel Clare took Tess on the night of their marriage. Thus the twilight of a Dorset day ended fitly with thoughts of the great lesson of charity taught by the sustained sincerity of Thomas Hardy's noble presentation of the character of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Herbert H. Sturmer.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Apropos of Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The Eternal City," "Literature" very justly remarks that, what with MM. Zola and J. K. Huysmans on the other side of the Channel, and on the English side Mr. Caine, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mr. George Moore, Miss Corelli and Mrs. Craigie, it might be said that in fiction to-day, all roads lead to Rome.

To those who have a general idea of the noble work for the elevation of the negro, which is being carried on at Tuskegee, under the direction of Booker T. Washington, but lack information as to details, Max Bennett Thrasher's book, "Tuskegee," published by Small, Maynard & Co., will be at once useful and interesting. It is vivid and sympathetic and describes the institution and its workings as a newspaper writer saw them on a visit of inspection. There are a number of illustrations.

Among the very last work done by its brilliant author, "Great Battles of the World" will have a melancholy interest for Stephen Crane's admirers. The nine battles described belong all to modern history, and were selected for their picturesqueness rather than their political importance. Readers whose school-day recollections include Creasy's "Decisive Battles of the World" will be interested, comparing that list with this, to find that they have not one name in common. Mr. Crane's book contains vivid bits of descriptive work, and its writer's enthusiasm makes itself felt even when it is not shared. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Among "historical novels," nowadays, the struggle for existence must be fierce indeed, and one would scarcely class Knox Magee's "With Ring of

Shield" with those fittest to survive. A story of Richard III and the Princes in the Tower, it does not want for incident or interest, but the writer has not been happy in fitting his style to his subject and there is an effect of incongruity which mars the reader's pleasure. R. P. Fenno & Co.

A new series of condensed biographies, for which there seems to be an increasing popular demand, is launched by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. under the general title of the "Riverside Biographical Series." A sketch of the life of James B. Eads by Louis How, and one of Benjamin Franklin by Paul Elmer More, are the initial volumes. The books are of convenient pocket size and are written with a freshness of style which saves them from that ineffable dryness often consequent upon too great condensation.

The collection of "Songs of All the Colleges," which Mr. David B. Chamberlain of Harvard and Mr. Karl P. Harrington of Wesleyan have compiled and arranged, and Hinds & Noble of New York have published, will be welcomed not only by undergraduates, but by many decorous and mature alumni, through whose memories the old rollicking songs still are singing. There are nearly two hundred songs, including the old favorites which are a joint possession of all the colleges, special songs peculiar to different institutions, and some pieces which are wholly new. The women's colleges are represented as well as the men's, and there are as many moods expressed in the songs as there are in a student's mind, but with a predominance of gayety and good comradeship.

Rev. E. A. Rand's stories are always popular with the boys and girls, but his latest, "A Fifer Boy of the Boston Siege," which A. I. Bradley & Co. publish, will have a special interest for older readers on account of its abundance of local detail. Mr. Rand has made a study of Boston and its environs with particular reference to their historical associations, and his accounts of the Concord fight, the battle of Bunker Hill and the investment of Boston are unusually clear and vivid. His introduction among his characters, too, of the British soldier who has Whig, and therefore American, sympathies, is a decided novelty, and the romance in which this dashing young fellow becomes involved is one of the most attractive features of the story.

It is decidedly a surprise to find that a large number of perfectly familiar, not to say time-worn, expressions of everyday use owe their origin to the Talmud, but this is the discovery that awaits the readers of Madison C. Peters's concise little volume, "Wit and Wisdom of the Talmud." The book aims to bring together the most characteristic of the pithy sayings and illustrations of the Talmud, for the convenience of those to whom they are not easily accessible in the original form, and it presents these selections in an orderly series of groups under headings alphabetically arranged. An introduction by Rabbi H. Pereira Mendes adds to the interest of the volume. The Baker & Taylor Co.

Apropos of the report that Mr. Winston Churchill is writing a biography of Lord Randolph Churchill, The Atheneum recalls the fact that when this statement was first made about two years ago, it was explained by the family and especially by the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. Winston Churchill's grandmother, that the papers of Lord Randolph Churchill were

not in Mr. Winston Churchill's possession, and that he would not be assisted by their being placed in his hands. It is possible, The Atheneum suggests, that deaths in the family and other changes may have modified what at that time was the opinion of the Marlborough family, that the time had not yet come for writing the biography of Lord Randolph Churchill.

A novel of noticeable strength and weakness is "Visiting the Sin," by Emma Rayner, which Small, Maynard & Co. publish. No fault is to be found with the writer's purpose, which is evidently to portray the disastrous effects wrought in character and life when revenge becomes the dominant passion, nor can it be denied that she has shown skill and ingenuity, and power of a certain sort, in carrying it out. By choosing the remoter mountain regions of Kentucky and Tennessee for the scenes of her story, she bespeaks our credulity, so that we are not quite free to call her incidents impossible. But there is an unevenness in the style, particularly in the dialogue portions, and a flavor of sensationalism in the plot which must prevent the book from ranking as it otherwise might.

The charming Normandy flavor of Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd's earlier books of travel is again to be enjoyed in her "Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror," which Little, Brown & Co. publish in appropriate style for the holidays. The illustrations alone are sufficient to make a fascinating volume, and they reproduce the present-day quaintnesses of an ever-quaint country with the fidelity and skill of the artistic photographer. Seldom have the attractions of a country fair been more vividly portrayed than in the bright and chatty rehearsal of the doings at the Falaise "Eleventh-Century" fair, and the last half of the volume is quite

as interestingly spent upon the history of the town itself, with a pretty rendering of the old love story in which Arlette of the "twinkling feet" had her romantic share. There is both entertainment and information in such a delectable book of sketches as is this.

The title "My Winter Garden," which Maurice Thompson gives to his new volume of essays, does not imply—as the too literal reader might suppose—a conservatory or a glass frame, but a pleasure on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Thompson has the happy gift of describing his delights so that we share instead of envying them, and in this charming book one may watch the shrikes and herons with him, listen for the "dropping song" of the mocking bird, wander out on the marshes for a day's sport with bow and arrow, read Theocritus to the murmur of the Gulf, or betake himself to the woods with Montaigne—all in a world of enchantment which the strenuousness of life has never penetrated. We have no writers to-day who serve their weary kind better than those who combine the love of nature and the love of books with the leisurely temper which allows both free play, and among this group Mr. Thompson's place is assured. The Century Co.

Ranking among the very best of their kind, and even more satisfactory than was to have been expected, are Mr. Howells's reminiscences of his "Literary Friends and Acquaintances," which Harper & Bros. now publish in book form. With the exception of a chapter on literary New York as he knew it in the early sixties, and another on his consular acquaintance, the volume is devoted to the Boston group with whom Mr. Howells's editorship of the Atlantic Monthly brought him into such close relations—Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes and the rest. He

writes of them with a rare combination of enthusiasm, delicacy and discrimination, enlivened by flashes of delightful humor, so that one hardly knows which to enjoy more—the variety of fresh material, or the charming fashion in which it is presented. Mr. Howells apologizes in a graceful, prefatory note, for making his own experiences the thread on which these recollections are strung, but it would be a churlish reader, indeed, who could detect egotism in a book so generous and genial. A tactless word is as far to seek as a dull page.

To the preparation of "A Literary History of America" (Charles Scribner's Sons) Mr. Barrett Wendell, Professor of English at Harvard University, has brought a wide reading, a critical temper, a copious assortment of literary, religious and political prejudices, a trenchant style, and proficiency in saying biting things in a calmly dogmatic way. This enumeration by no means exhausts his outfit, but these are the qualities which are most in evidence. His method is topical in a large way. He discusses tendencies and types instead of entering into the minutiae of literary history. He deals summarily with not a few literary reputations; he is impatient of brag and pretense; and, at a rough estimate, for every reader who follows him to all his conclusions, a hundred will be irritated by something that he says. His book is not to be recommended as a sedative; but, as a wholesome corrective of over-optimistic views of American literary achievement and a stimulus to discussion, it has its place. Rather oddly, Mr. Wendell finds newspaper humor, the short stories of the magazines, and the popular stage the sources from which a characteristic literature is most likely to spring. To most observers it has seemed that all three were in a parlous state.

